Songs of the Soul

No. 2

For use in Sunday Evening Congregations, Revivals, Camp-Meetings, Social Services and Young Peoples Meetings

EDITED BY
JAMES M. BLACK.

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1896

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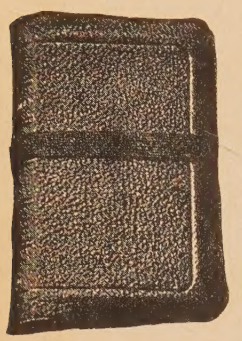

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SONGS OF THE SOUL

No. 2.

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SUNDAY EVENING CONGREGATIONS,

REVIVALS,

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AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

EDITED BY

JAMES M. BLACK.

"Let all the People sing."

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THE enormous sales of SONGS OF THE SOUL, No. 1, have so encouraged the publishers that they have determined to issue SONGS OF THE SOUL, No. 2. Like its predecessor, Songs of the Soul, No. 2, has been arranged with special reference to use in Revival Meetings, Prayer Meetings, Young People's Meetings, Camp Meetings, and all Evangelistic and Social Religious Services.

We bespeak a more hearty welcome for Songs of the Soul, No. 2, than even that accorded to the first book, and send it forth on its mission of love and song. "LET ALL THE PEOPLE SING."

THE PUBLISHERS.

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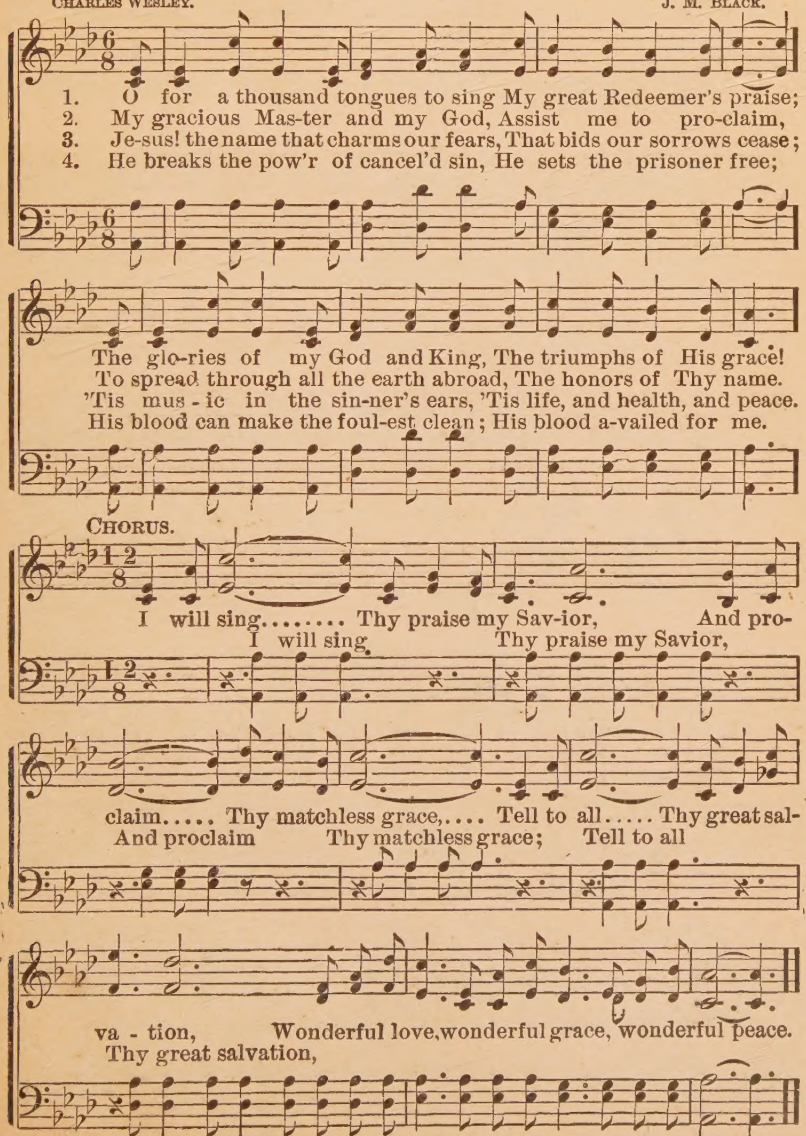
SONGS OF THE SOUL.

No. 2.

No. 1. O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. M. BLACK.


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, Assist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin, He sets the prisoner free;
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of Thy name.
'Tis mus - ic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
CHORUS.
I will sing..... Thy praise my Sav-ior, And pro-
I will sing, Thy praise my Savior,
claim..... Thy matchless grace,.... Tell to all..... Thy great sal-
And proclaim Thy matchless grace; Tell to all
va - tion, Wonderful love, wonderful grace, wonderful peace.
Thy great salvation,

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No. 2. For the Sake of Jesus.

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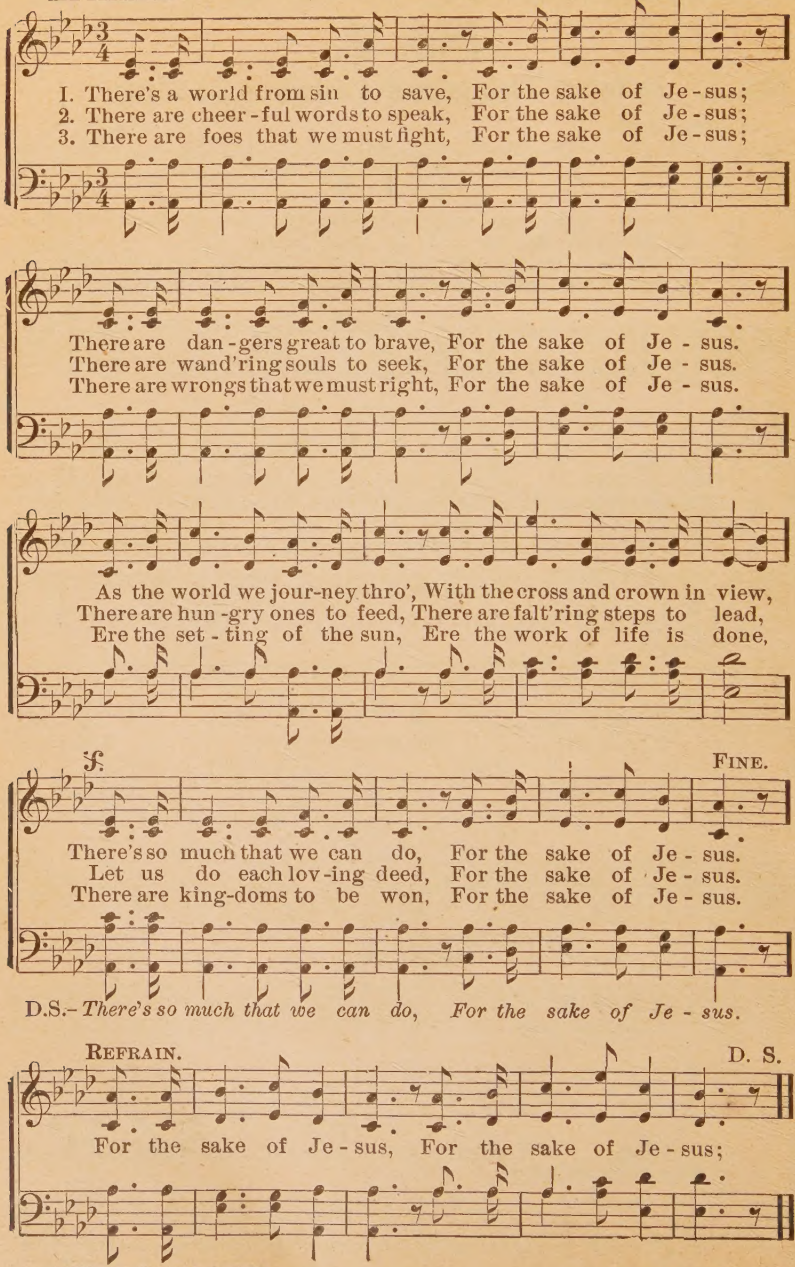
1. There's a world from sin to save, For the sake of Je-sus;
2. There are cheer-ful words to speak, For the sake of Je-sus;
3. There are foes that we must fight, For the sake of Je-sus;
There are dan-gers great to brave, For the sake of Je-sus.
There are wand'ring souls to seek, For the sake of Je-sus.
There are wrongs that we must right, For the sake of Je-sus.
As the world we jour-ney thro', With the cross and crown in view,
There are hun-gry ones to feed, There are falt'ring steps to lead,
Ere the set-ting of the sun, Ere the work of life is done,
f.
FINE.
There's so much that we can do, For the sake of Je-sus.
Let us do each lov-ing deed, For the sake of Je-sus.
There are king-doms to be won, For the sake of Je-sus.
D.S.–There's so much that we can do, For the sake of Je-sus.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
For the sake of Je-sus, For the sake of Je-sus;

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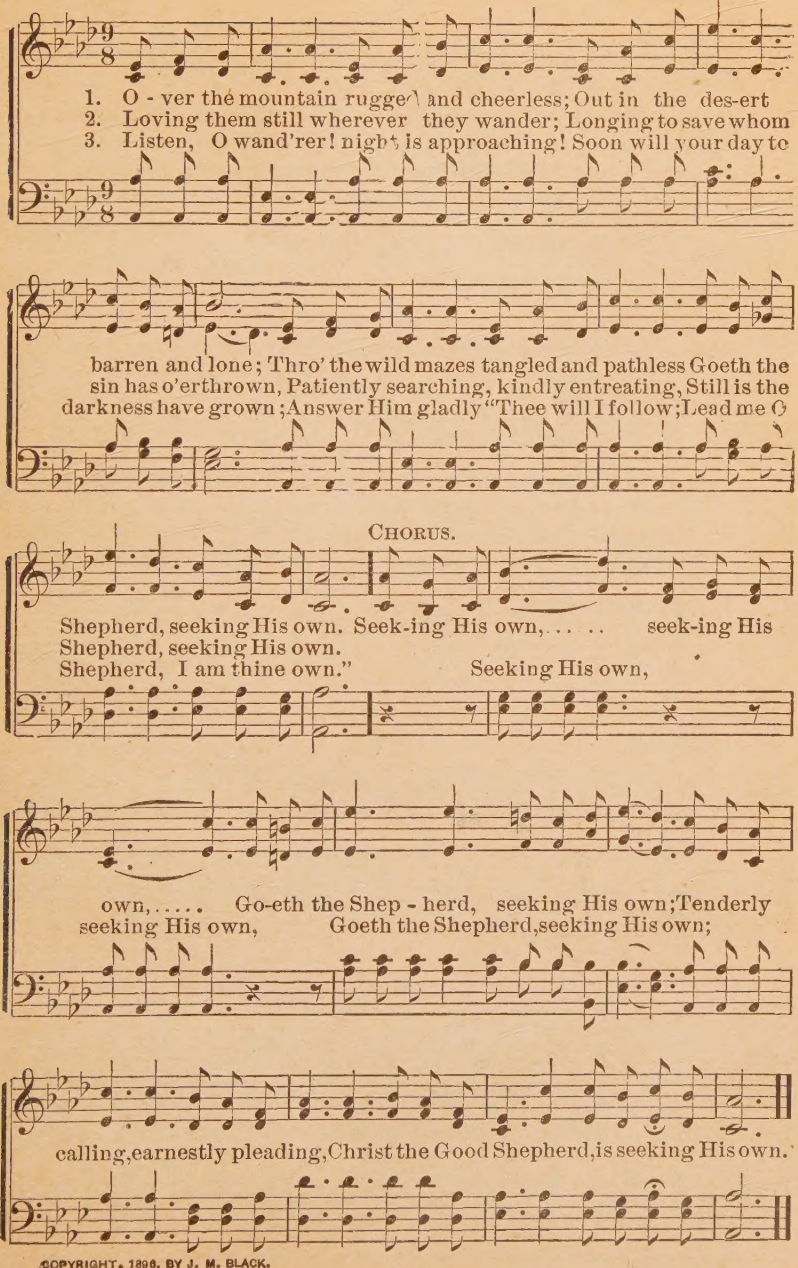
No. 3. Seeking His Own.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS H. GABRIEL.

1. O - ver the mountain rugged and cheerless; Out in the des-ert
2. Loving them still wherever they wander; Longing to save whom
3. Listen, O wand'rer! night is approaching! Soon will your day to
barren and lone; Thro' the wild mazes tangled and pathless Goeth the
sin has o'erthrown, Patiently searching, kindly entreating, Still is the
darkness have grown; Answer Him gladly "Thee will I follow; Lead me O
CHORUS.
Shepherd, seeking His own. Seek-ing His own, ... seek-ing His
Shepherd, seeking His own.
Shepherd, I am thine own." Seeking His own,
own, ... Go-eth the Shep - herd, seeking His own; Tenderly
seeking His own, Goeth the Shepherd, seeking His own;
calling, earnestly pleading, Christ the Good Shepherd, is seeking His own.

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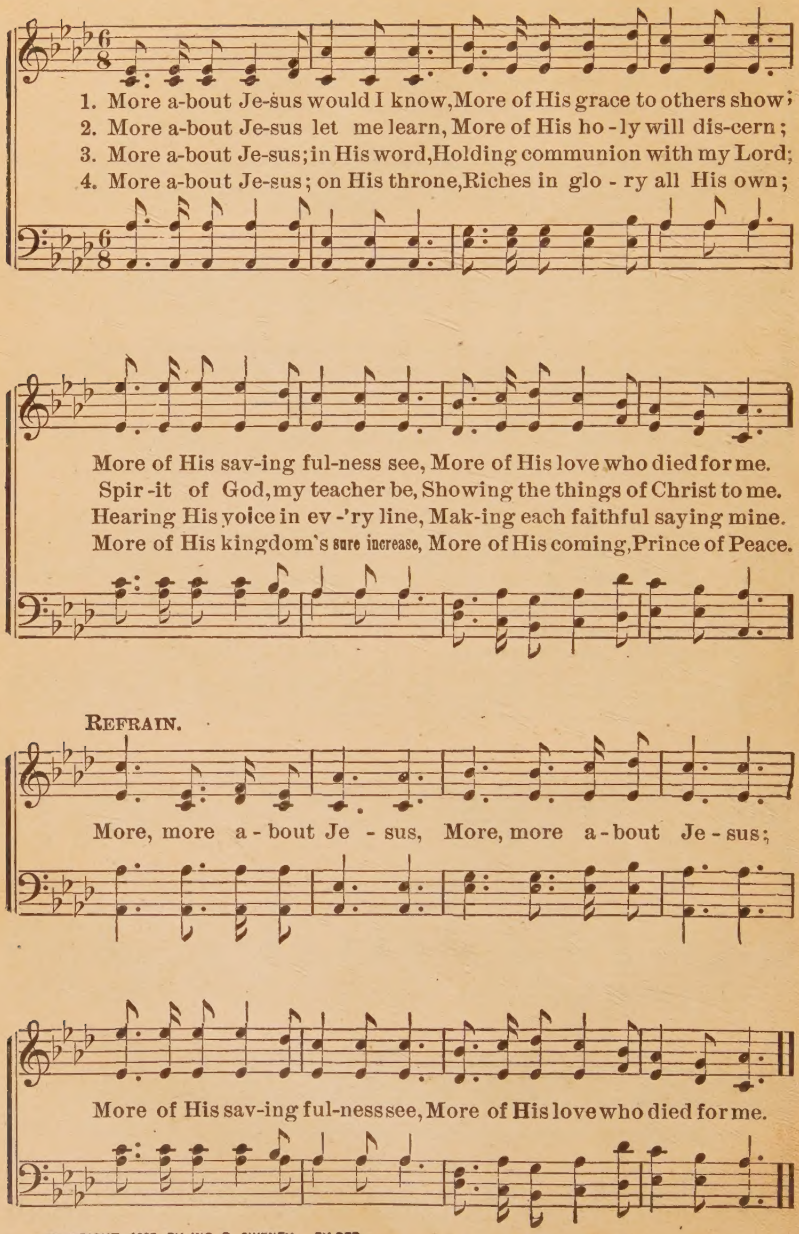
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to others show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Riches in glo-ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful saying mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase, More of His coming, Prince of Peace.
Refrain.
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

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No. 5. Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER.

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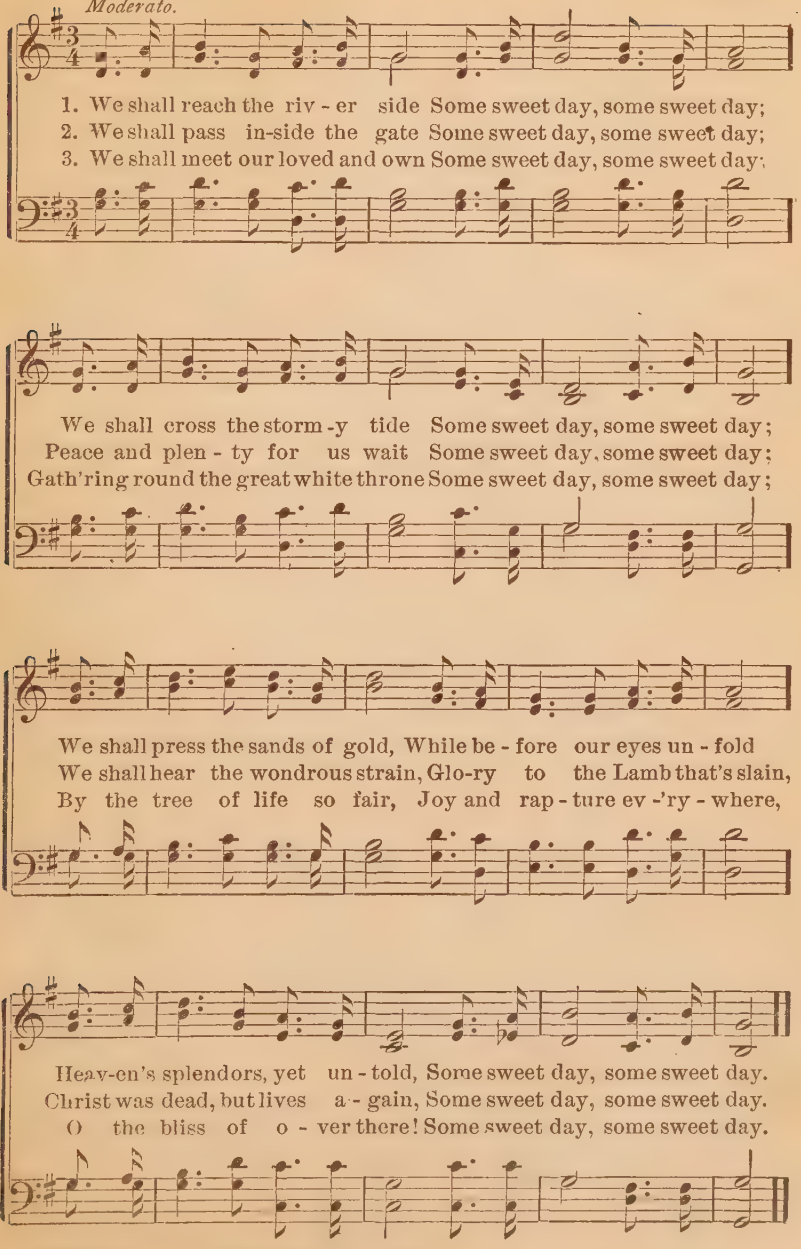
1. We shall reach the riv - er side Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. We shall pass in-side the gate Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. We shall meet our loved and own Some sweet day, some sweet day;
We shall cross the storm -y tide Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plen - ty for us wait Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath'ring round the great white throne Some sweet day, some sweet day;
We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold
We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo-ry to the Lamb that's slain,
By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev -'ry - where,
Heav-en's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

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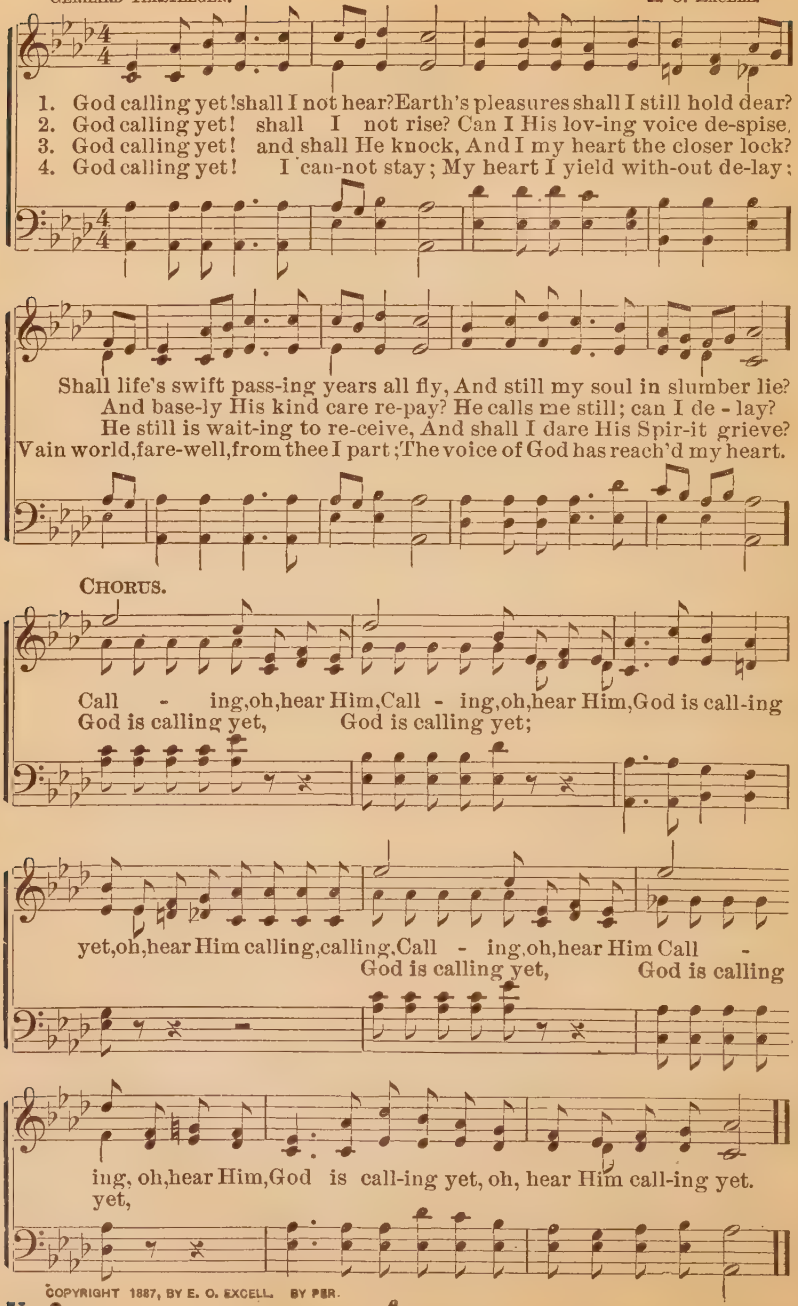
No. 6. God is Calling Yet.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.


1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the closer lock?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay;
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.
CHORUS.
Call - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing
God is calling yet, God is calling yet;
yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling, Call - ing, oh, hear Him Call -
God is calling yet, God is calling
ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet.
yet,

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No. 7. In the Shadow of His Wings.

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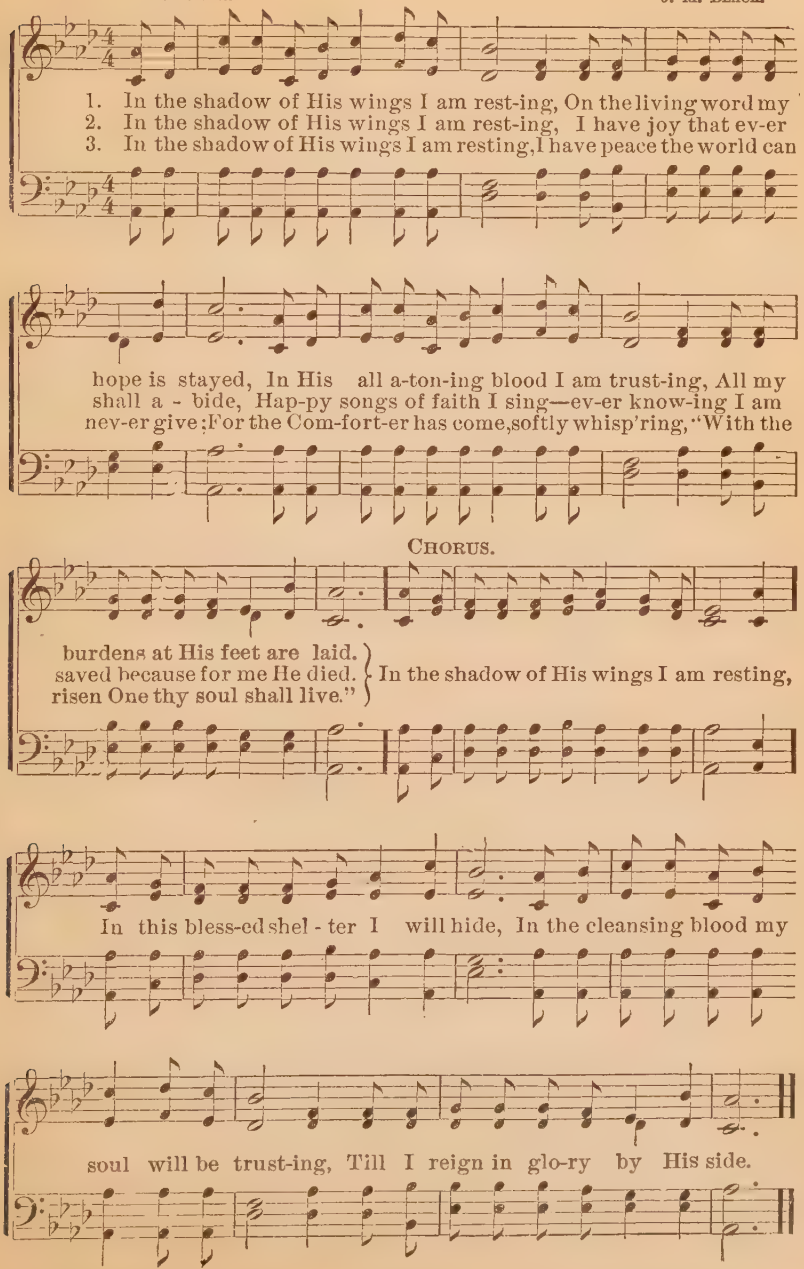
1. In the shadow of His wings I am rest-ing, On the living word my
2. In the shadow of His wings I am rest-ing, I have joy that ev-er
3. In the shadow of His wings I am resting, I have peace the world can
hope is stayed, In His all a-ton-ing blood I am trust-ing, All my
shall a - bide, Hap-py songs of faith I sing—ev-er know-ing I am
nev-er give; For the Com-fort-er has come, softly whisp'ring, "With the
CHORUS.
burdens at His feet are laid.
saved because for me He died.
risen One thy soul shall live."
In the shadow of His wings I am resting,
In this bless-ed shel - ter I will hide, In the cleansing blood my
soul will be trust-ing, Till I reign in glo-ry by His side.

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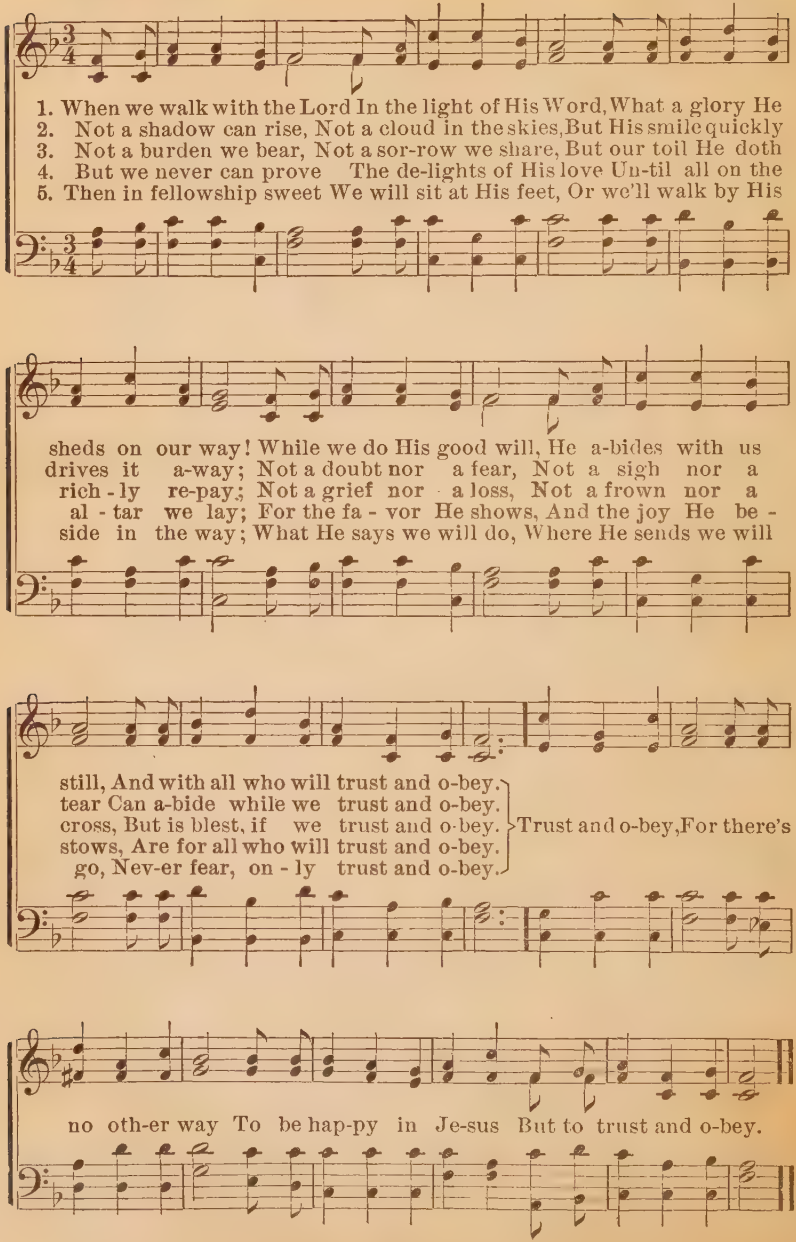
No. 8. Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glory He
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we never can prove The de-lights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fellowship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will
still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest, if we trust and o-bey.
stows, Are for all who will trust and o-bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.
Trust and o-bey, For there's
no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.

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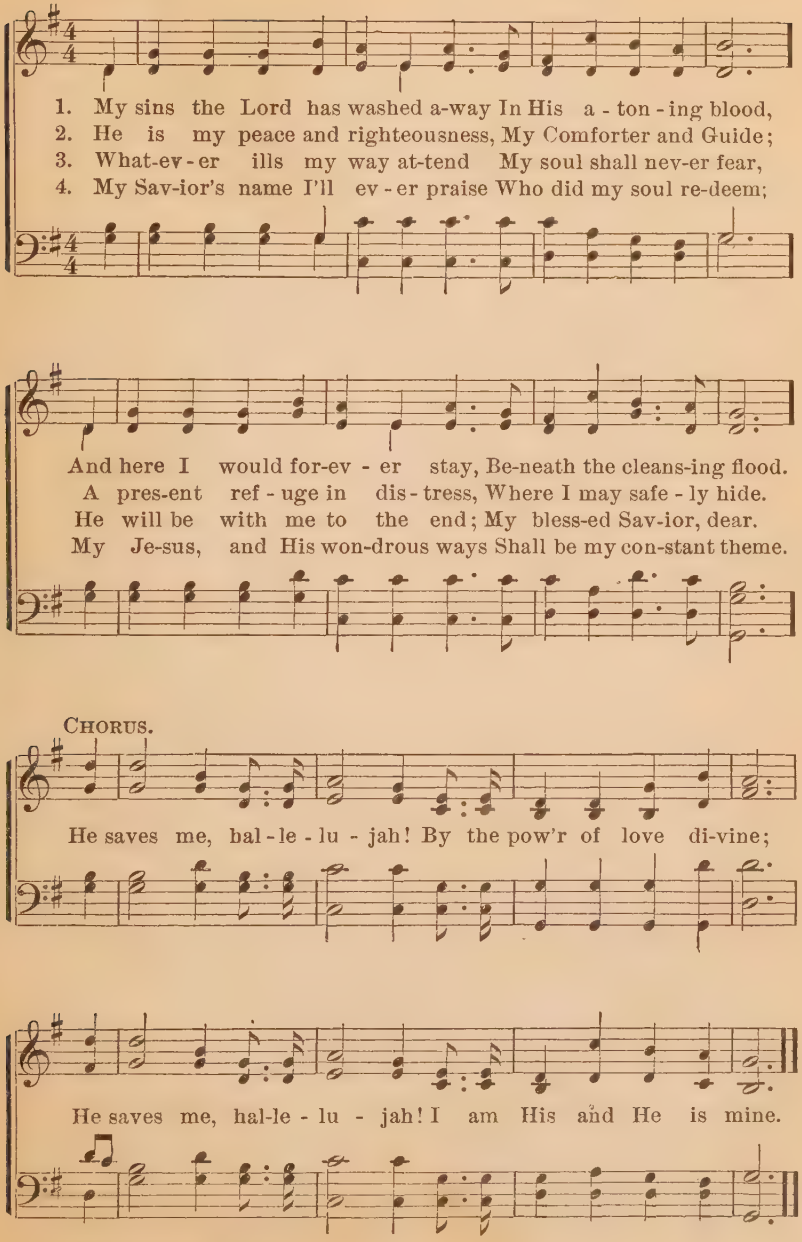
No. 9. He Saves Me, Hallelujah!

ADA BLENKHORN. J. M. BLACK.


1. My sins the Lord has washed a-way In His a - ton - ing blood,
2. He is my peace and righteousness, My Comforter and Guide;
3. What-ev - er ills my way at-tend My soul shall nev-er fear,
4. My Sav-ior's name I'll ev - er praise Who did my soul re-deem;
And here I would for-ev - er stay, Be-neath the cleans-ing flood.
A pres-ent ref - uge in dis - tress, Where I may safe - ly hide.
He will be with me to the end; My bless-ed Sav-ior, dear.
My Je-sus, and His won-drous ways Shall be my con-stant theme.
CHORUS.
He saves me, hal - le - lu - jah! By the pow'r of love di-vine;
He saves me, hal-le - lu - jah! I am His and He is mine.

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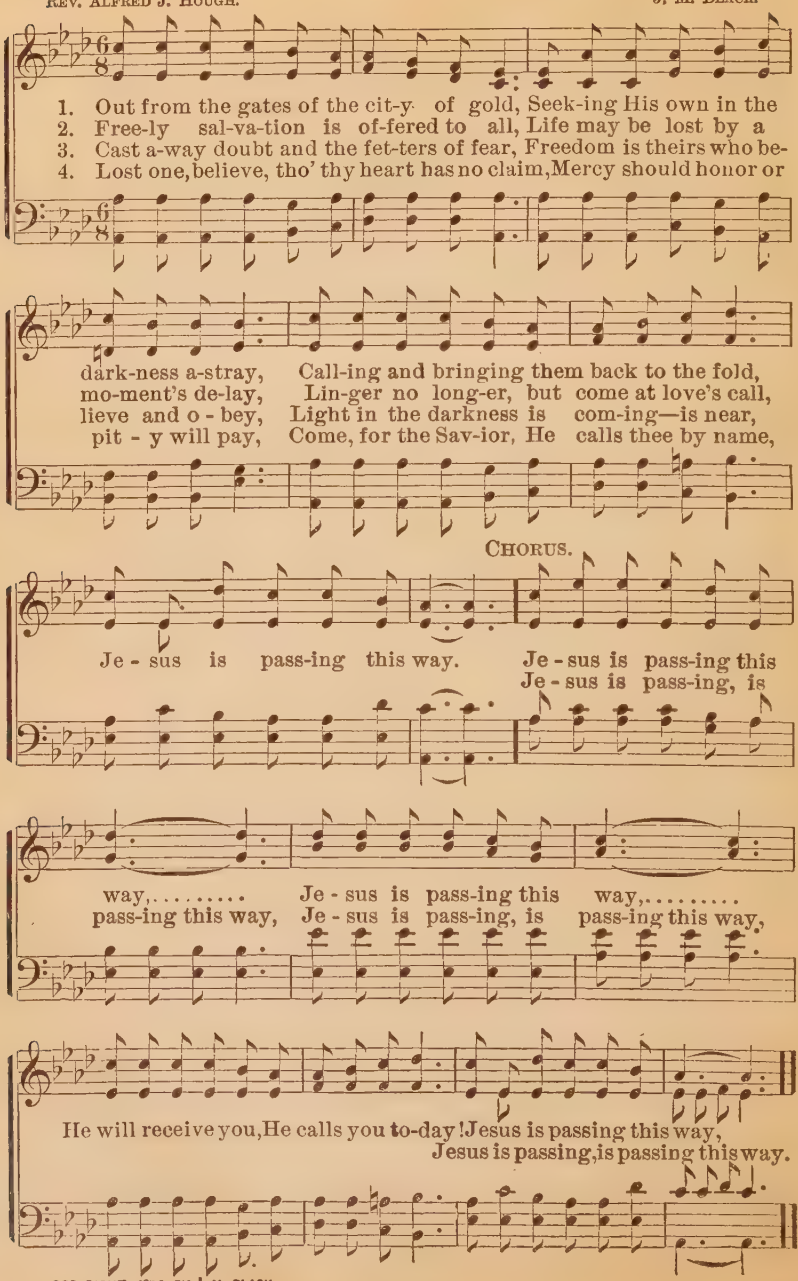
No. 10. Jesus is Passing this Way.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH. J. M. BLACK.

1. Out from the gates of the cit-y of gold, Seek-ing His own in the
2. Free-ly sal-va-tion is of-fered to all, Life may be lost by a
3. Cast a-way doubt and the fet-ters of fear, Freedom is theirs who be-
4. Lost one, believe, tho' thy heart has no claim, Mercy should honor or
dark-ness a-stray, Call-ing and bringing them back to the fold,
mo-ment's de-lay, Lin-ger no long-er, but come at love's call,
lieve and o - bey, Light in the darkness is com-ing—is near,
pit - y will pay, Come, for the Sav-ior, He calls thee by name,
CHORUS.
Je - sus is pass-ing this way. Je - sus is pass-ing this
Je - sus is pass-ing, is
way,..... Je - sus is pass-ing this way,.....
pass-ing this way, Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way,
He will receive you, He calls you to-day! Jesus is passing this way,
Jesus is passing, is passing this way.

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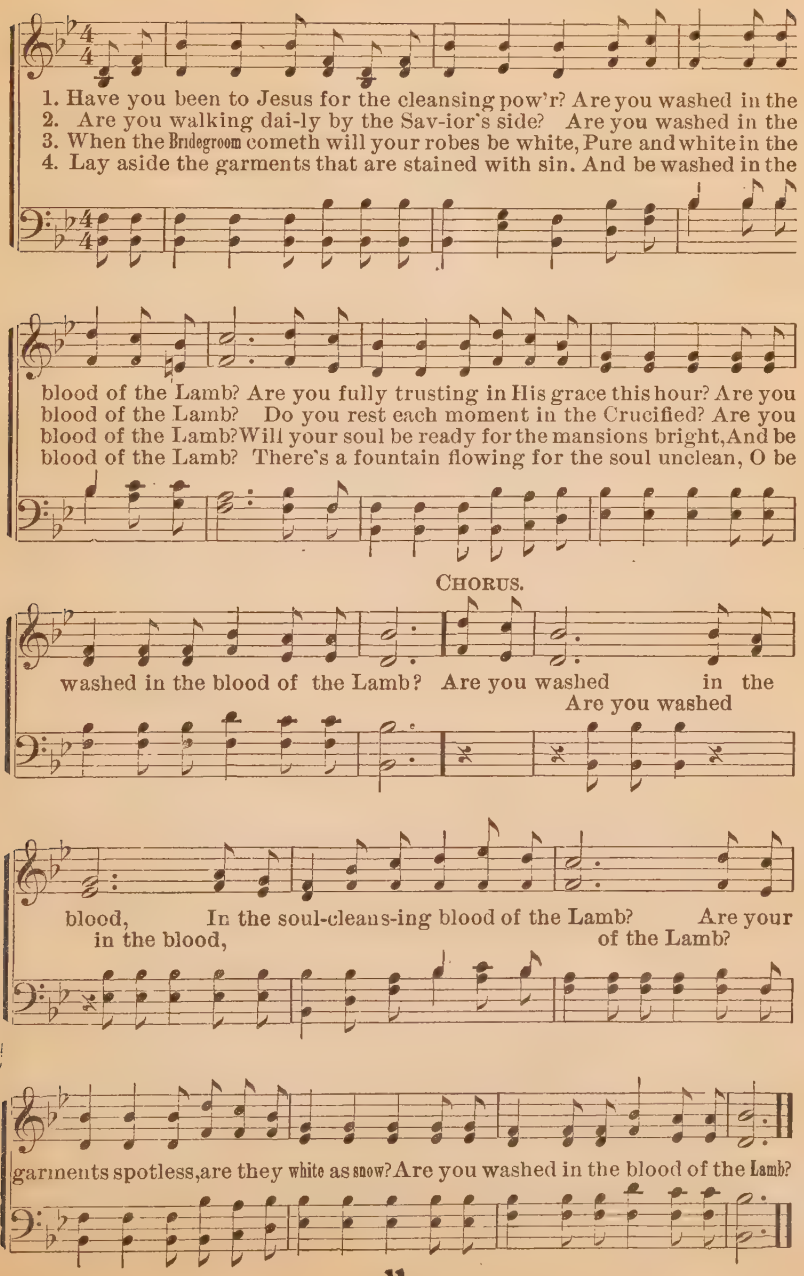
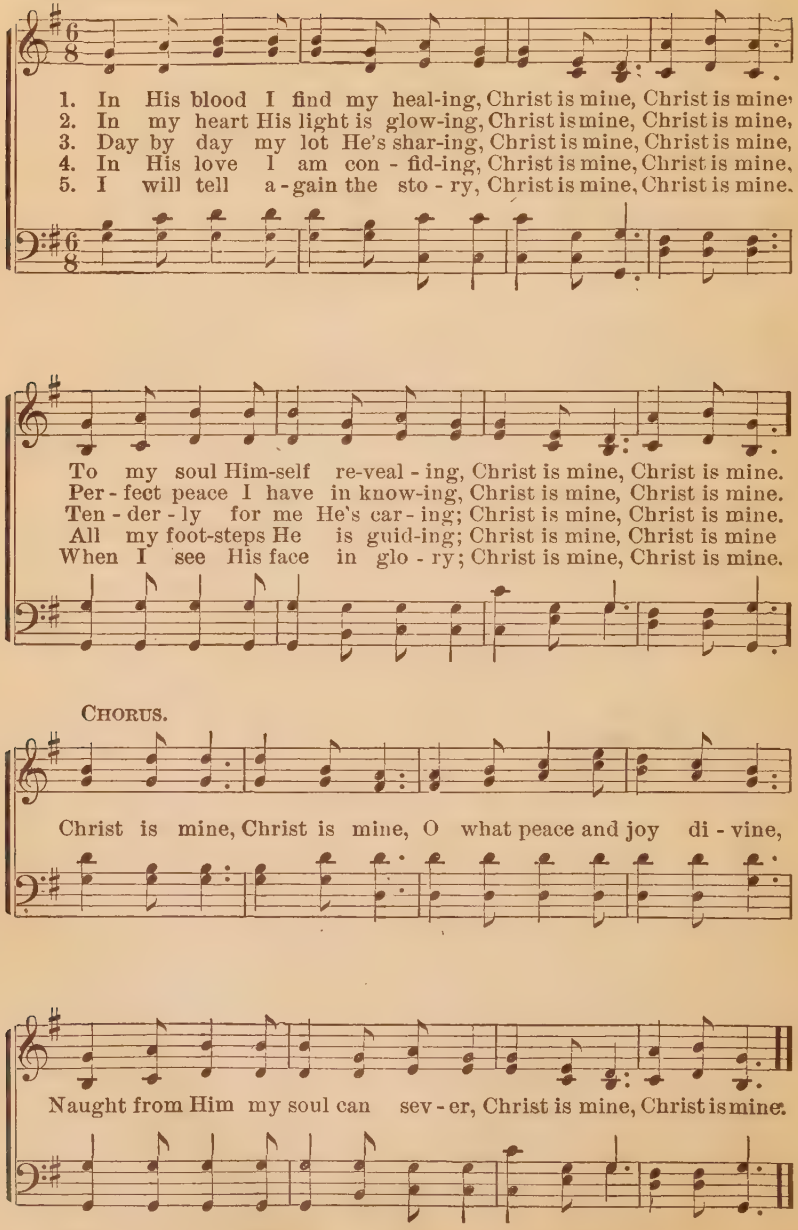
No. 11. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per.

1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai-ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin. And be washed in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be
CHORUS.
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed
blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
in the blood, of the Lamb?
garments spotless, are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

No. 12. Christ is Mine.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. M. BLACK.

1. In His blood I find my heal-ing, Christ is mine, Christ is mine,
2. In my heart His light is glow-ing, Christ is mine, Christ is mine,
3. Day by day my lot He's shar-ing, Christ is mine, Christ is mine,
4. In His love I am con - fid-ing, Christ is mine, Christ is mine,
5. I will tell a - gain the sto - ry, Christ is mine, Christ is mine.
To my soul Him-self re-veal - ing, Christ is mine, Christ is mine.
Per - fect peace I have in know-ing, Christ is mine, Christ is mine.
Ten - der - ly for me He's car - ing; Christ is mine, Christ is mine.
All my foot-steps He is guid-ing; Christ is mine, Christ is mine
When I see His face in glo - ry; Christ is mine, Christ is mine.
CHORUS.
Christ is mine, Christ is mine, O what peace and joy di - vine,
Naught from Him my soul can sev - er, Christ is mine, Christ is mine.

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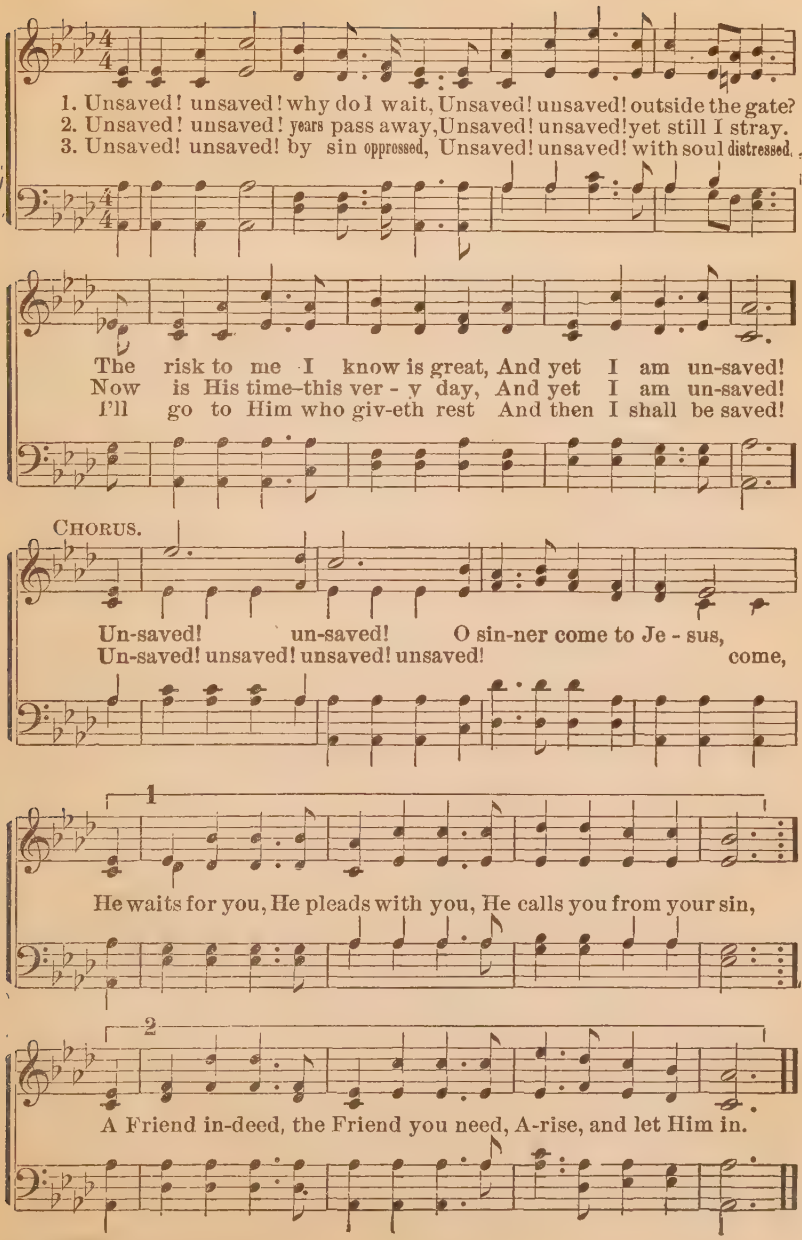
No. 13. Unsaved.

D. C. Carson. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Unsaved! unsaved! why do I wait, Unsaved! unsaved! outside the gate?
2. Unsaved! unsaved! years pass away, Unsaved! unsaved! yet still I stray.
3. Unsaved! unsaved! by sin oppressed, Unsaved! unsaved! with soul distressed.
The risk to me I know is great, And yet I am un-saved!
Now is His time–this ver - y day, And yet I am un-saved!
I'll go to Him who giv-eth rest And then I shall be saved!
Chorus.
Un-saved! un-saved! O sin-ner come to Je - sus,
Un-saved! unsaved! unsaved! unsaved! come,
1
He waits for you, He pleads with you, He calls you from your sin,
2
A Friend in-deed, the Friend you need, A-rise, and let Him in.

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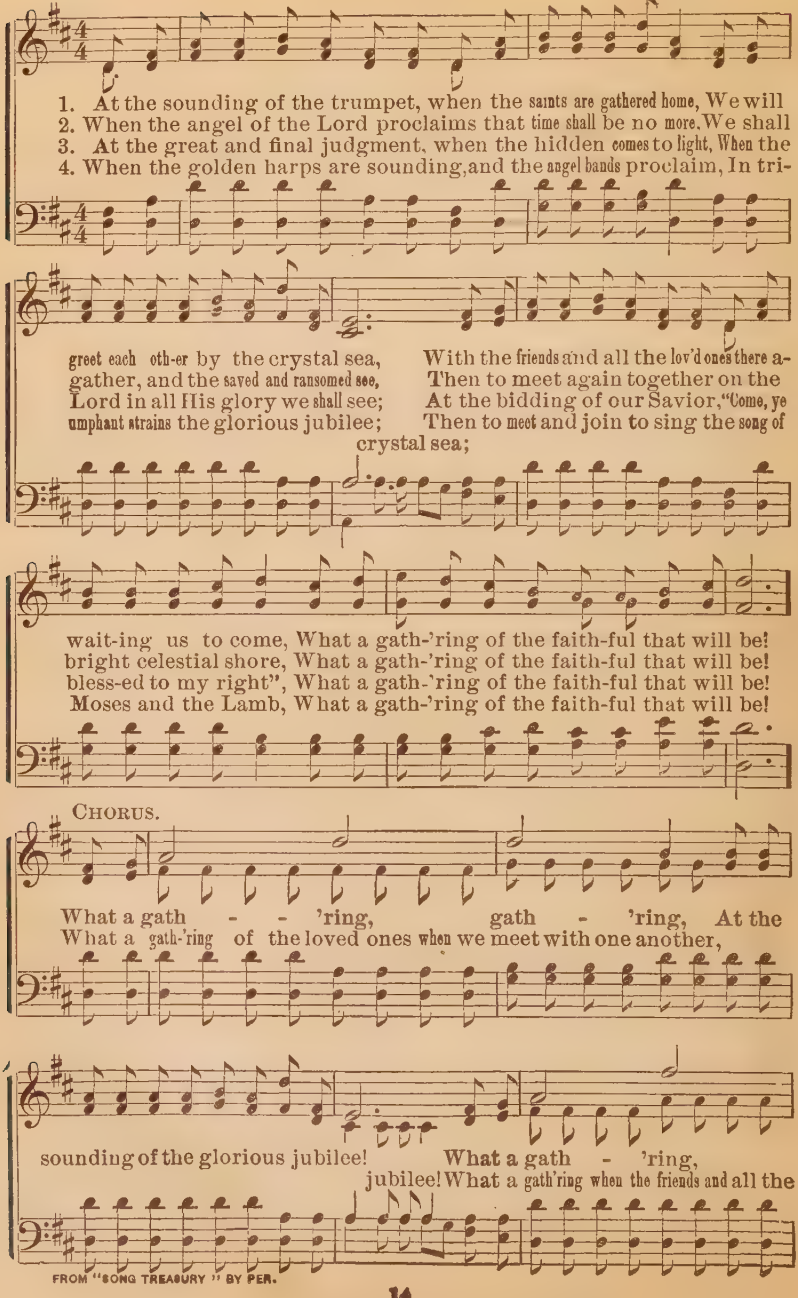
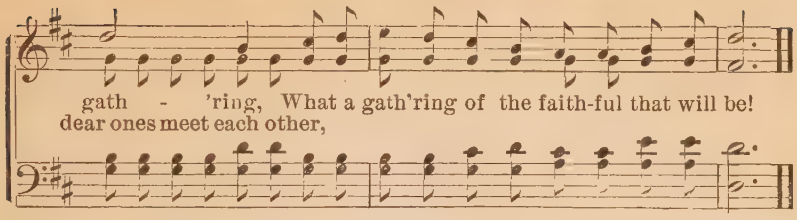
No. 14. What a Gathering that will be.

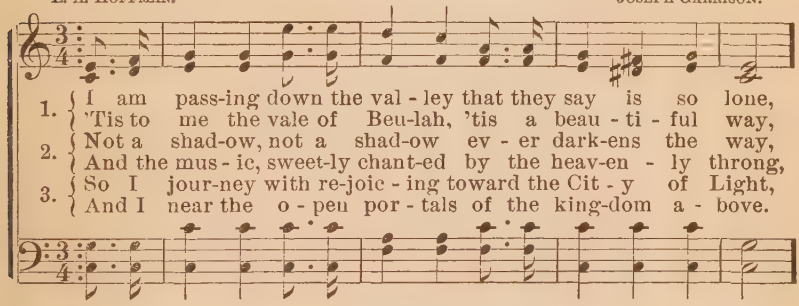
J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-
greet each oth-er by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransomed see, Then to meet again together on the
Lord in all His glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Savior, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
crystal sea;
wait-ing us to come, What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bright celestial shore, What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bless-ed to my right", What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
Moses and the Lamb, What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
CHORUS.
What a gath - - 'ring, gath - 'ring, At the
What a gath-'ring of the loved ones when we meet with one another,
sounding of the glorious jubilee! What a gath - 'ring,
jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

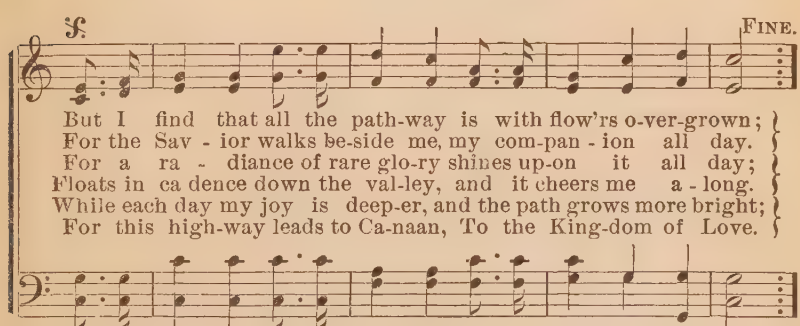
FROM "SONG TREASURY" BY PER.



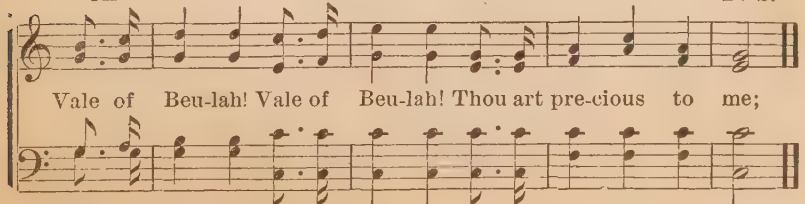
No. 15. Vale of Beulah.

E. A. HOFFMAN. JOSEPH GARRISON.


1. I am pass-ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beu-lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,
2. Not a shad-ow, not a shad-ow ev - er dark-ens the way,
And the mus - ic, sweet-ly chant-ed by the heav-en - ly throng,
3. So I jour-ney with re-joic - ing toward the Cit - y of Light,
And I near the o - pen por - tals of the king-dom a - bove.


But I find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o-ver-grown;
For the Sav - ior walks be-side me, my com-pan - ion all day.
For a ra - diance of rare glo-ry shines up-on it all day;
Floats in ca dence down the val-ley, and it cheers me a - long.
While each day my joy is deep-er, and the path grows more bright;
For this high-way leads to Ca-naan, To the King-dom of Love.
D.S.–For the love - ly land of Ca-naan in the dis-tance I see.

CHORUS. D. S.



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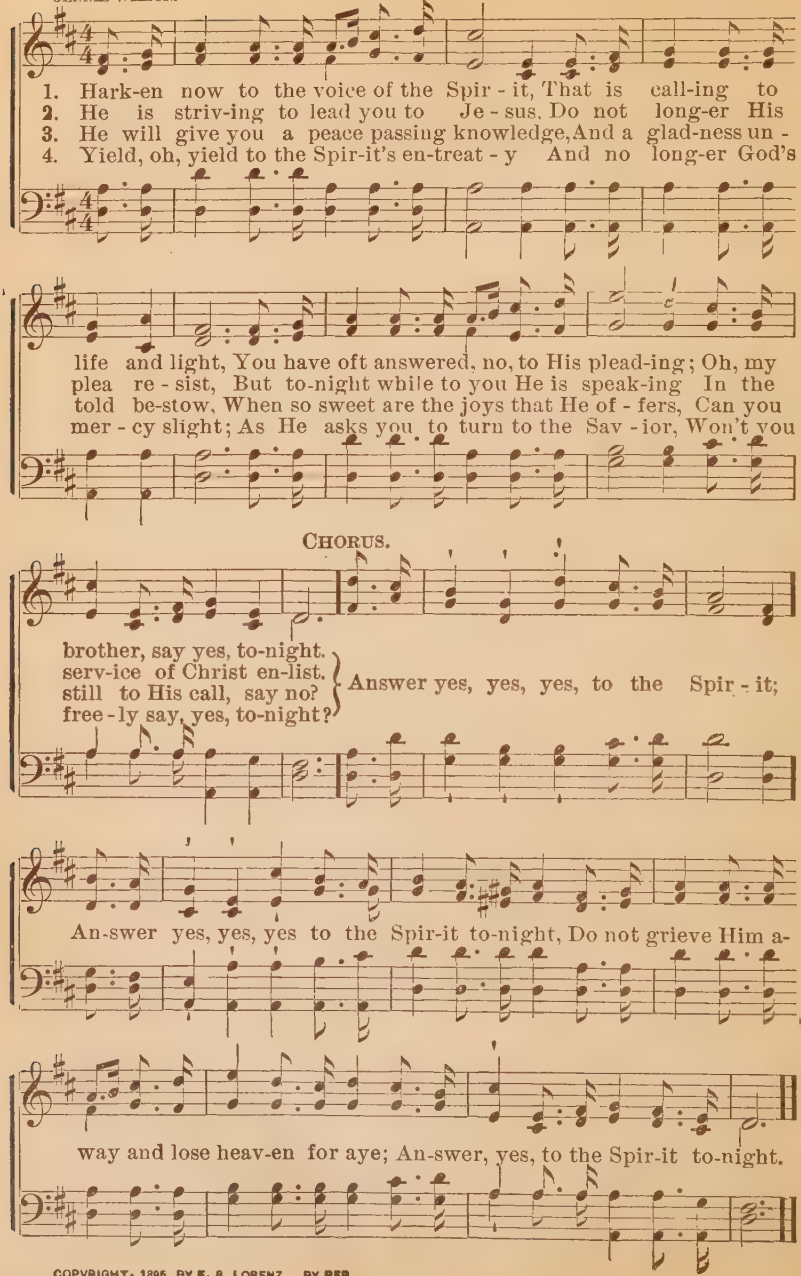
No. 16. Answer Yes, to the Spirit.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Hark-en now to the voice of the Spir - it, That is call-ing to
2. He is striv-ing to lead you to Je - sus, Do not long-er His
3. He will give you a peace passing knowledge, And a glad-ness un -
4. Yield, oh, yield to the Spir-it's en-treat - y And no long-er God's
life and light, You have oft answered, no, to His plead-ing; Oh, my
plea re - sist, But to-night while to you He is speak-ing In the
told be-stow, When so sweet are the joys that He of - fers, Can you
mer - cy slight; As He asks you to turn to the Sav - ior, Won't you
CHORUS.
brother, say yes, to-night.
serv-ice of Christ en-list.
still to His call, say no?
free - ly say, yes, to-night?
Answer yes, yes, yes, to the Spir - it;
An-swer yes, yes, yes to the Spir-it to-night, Do not grieve Him a-
way and lose heav-en for aye; An-swer, yes, to the Spir-it to-night.

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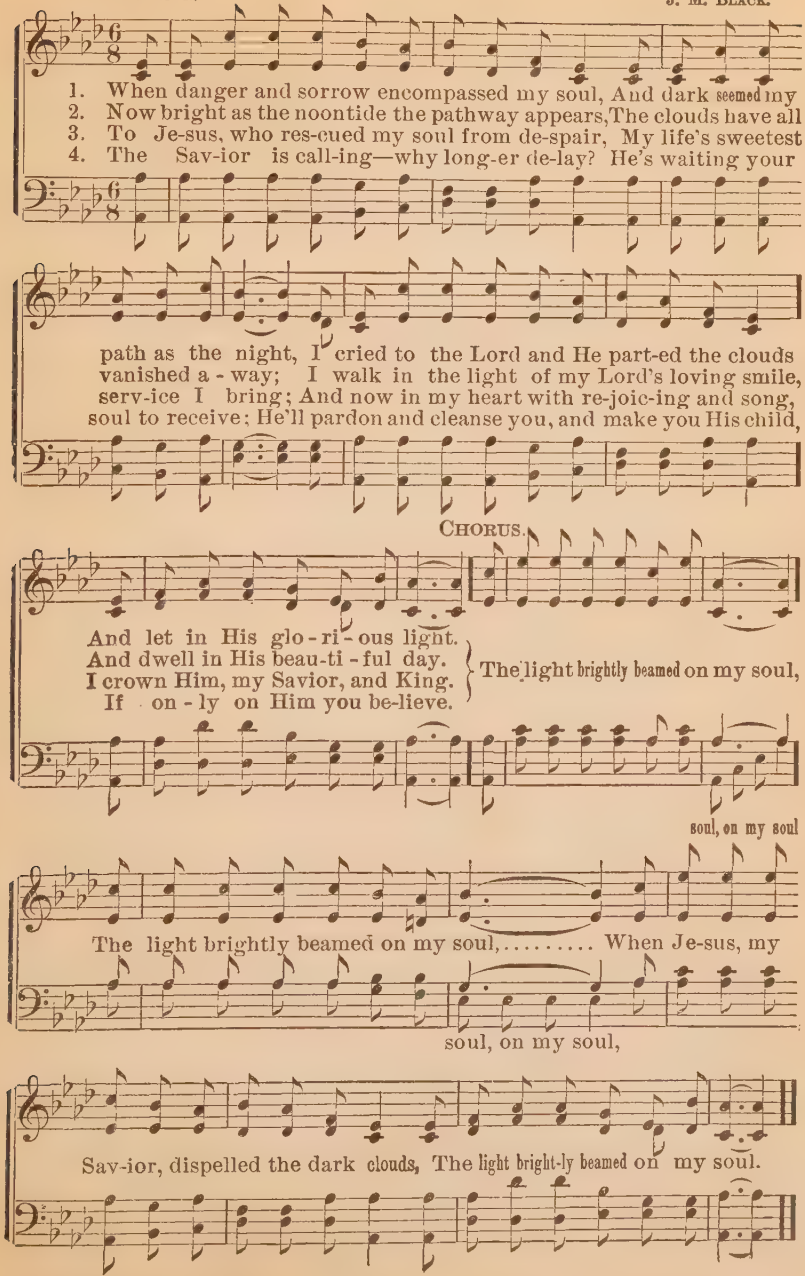
No. 17. The Light Brightly Beamed.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. M. BLACK.


1. When danger and sorrow encompassed my soul, And dark seemed my
2. Now bright as the noontide the pathway appears, The clouds have all
3. To Je-sus, who res-cued my soul from de-spair, My life's sweetest
4. The Sav-ior is call-ing—why long-er de-lay? He's waiting your
path as the night, I cried to the Lord and He part-ed the clouds
vanished a - way; I walk in the light of my Lord's loving smile,
serv-ice I bring; And now in my heart with re-joic-ing and song,
soul to receive: He'll pardon and cleanse you, and make you His child,
CHORUS.
And let in His glo - ri - ous light.
And dwell in His beau-ti - ful day.
I crown Him, my Savior, and King.
If on - ly on Him you be-lieve.
The light brightly beamed on my soul,
soul, on my soul
The light brightly beamed on my soul, ... When Je-sus, my
soul, on my soul,
Sav-ior, dispelled the dark clouds, The light bright-ly beamed on my soul.

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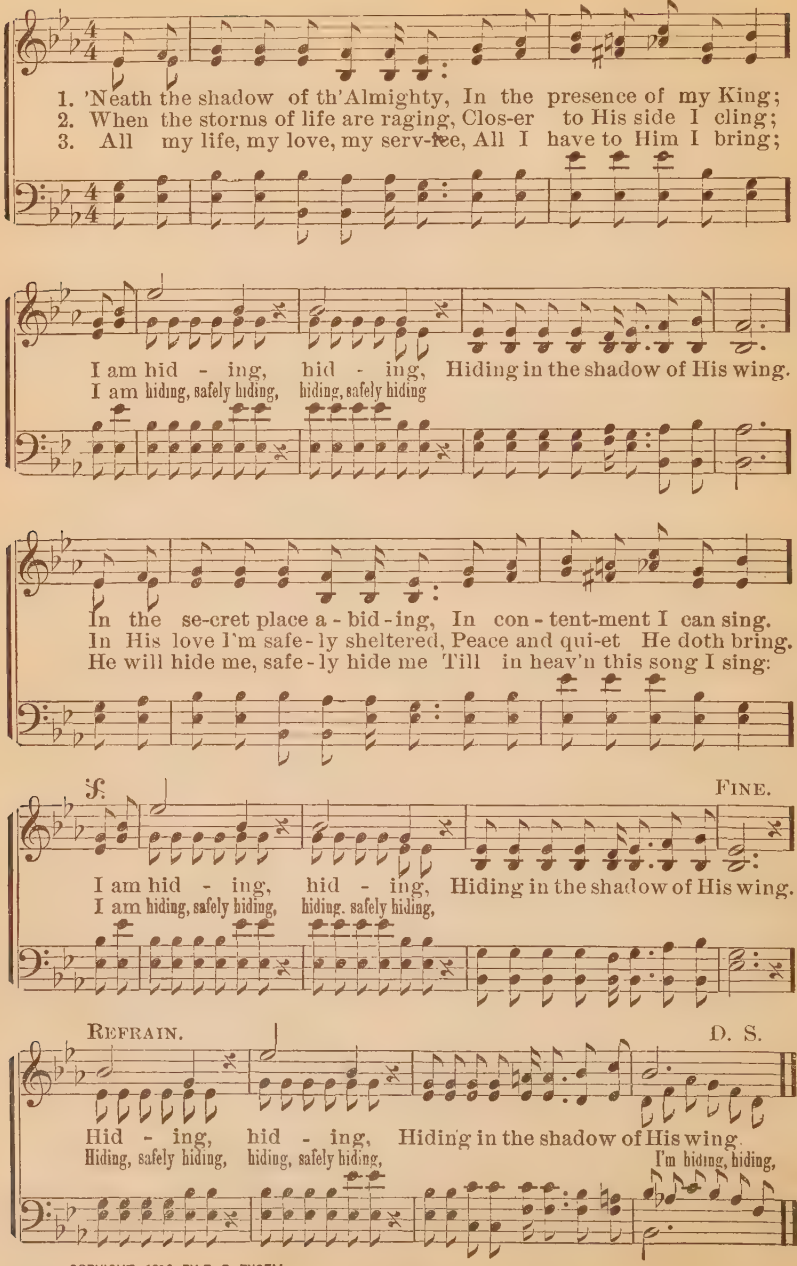
No. 18. Hiding, Safely Hiding.

E. O. E. and A. B. E. O. Excell.

1. 'Neath the shadow of th'Almighty, In the presence of my King;
2. When the storms of life are raging, Clos-er to His side I cling;
3. All my life, my love, my serv-ice, All I have to Him I bring;
I am hid - ing, hid - ing, Hiding in the shadow of His wing.
I am hiding, safely hiding, hiding, safely hiding
In the se-cret place a - bid - ing, In con - tent-ment I can sing.
In His love I'm safe - ly sheltered, Peace and qui-et He doth bring.
He will hide me, safe - ly hide me Till in heav'n this song I sing:
f.
FINE.
I am hid - ing, hid - ing, Hiding in the shadow of His wing.
I am hiding, safely hiding, hiding, safely hiding,
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Hid - ing, hid - ing, Hiding in the shadow of His wing.
Hiding, safely hiding, hiding, safely hiding, I'm hiding, hiding,

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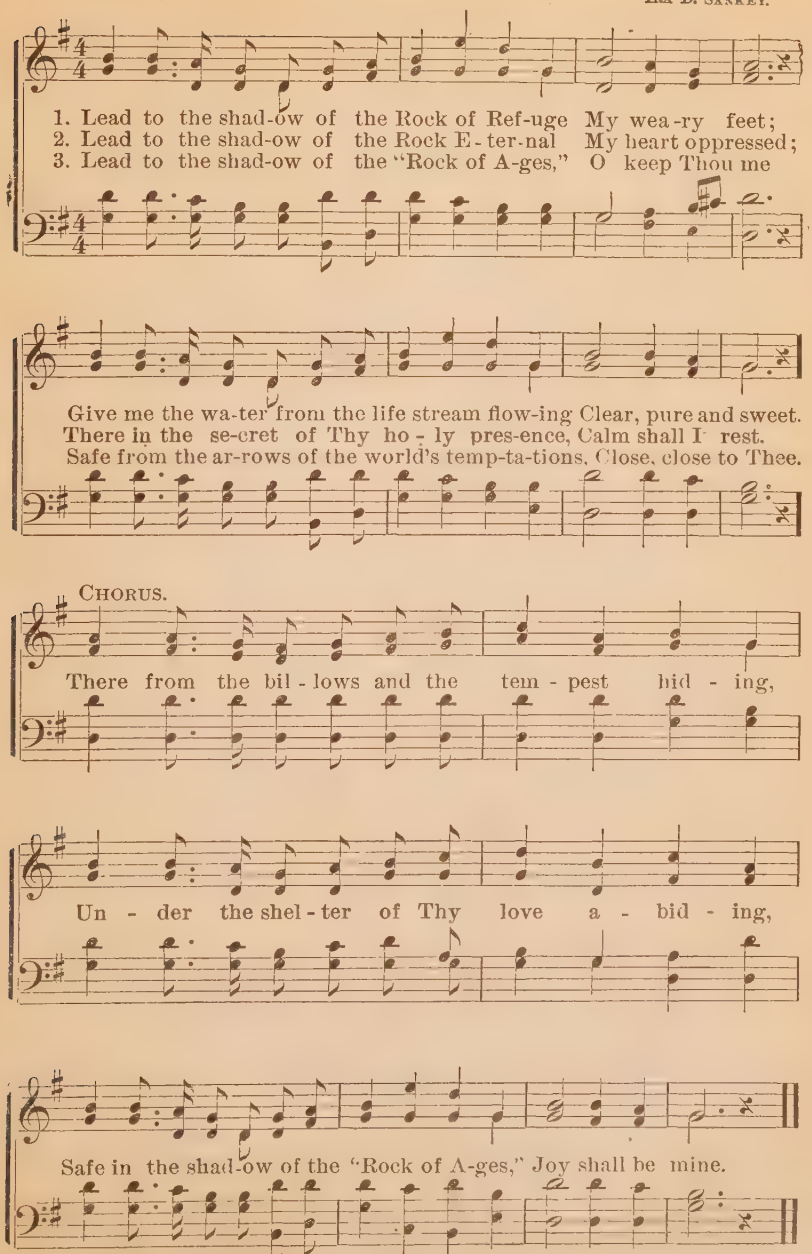
No 19. The Shadow of the Rock.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Lead to the shad-ow of the Rock of Ref-uge My wea-ry feet;
2. Lead to the shad-ow of the Rock E-ter-nal My heart oppressed;
3. Lead to the shad-ow of the "Rock of A-ges," O keep Thou me
Give me the wa-ter from the life stream flow-ing Clear, pure and sweet.
There in the se-cret of Thy ho-ly pres-ence, Calm shall I rest.
Safe from the ar-rows of the world's temp-ta-tions, Close, close to Thee.
CHORUS.
There from the bil-lows and the tem-pest hid-ing,
Un-der the shel-ter of Thy love a-bid-ing,
Safe in the shad-ow of the "Rock of A-ges," Joy shall be mine.

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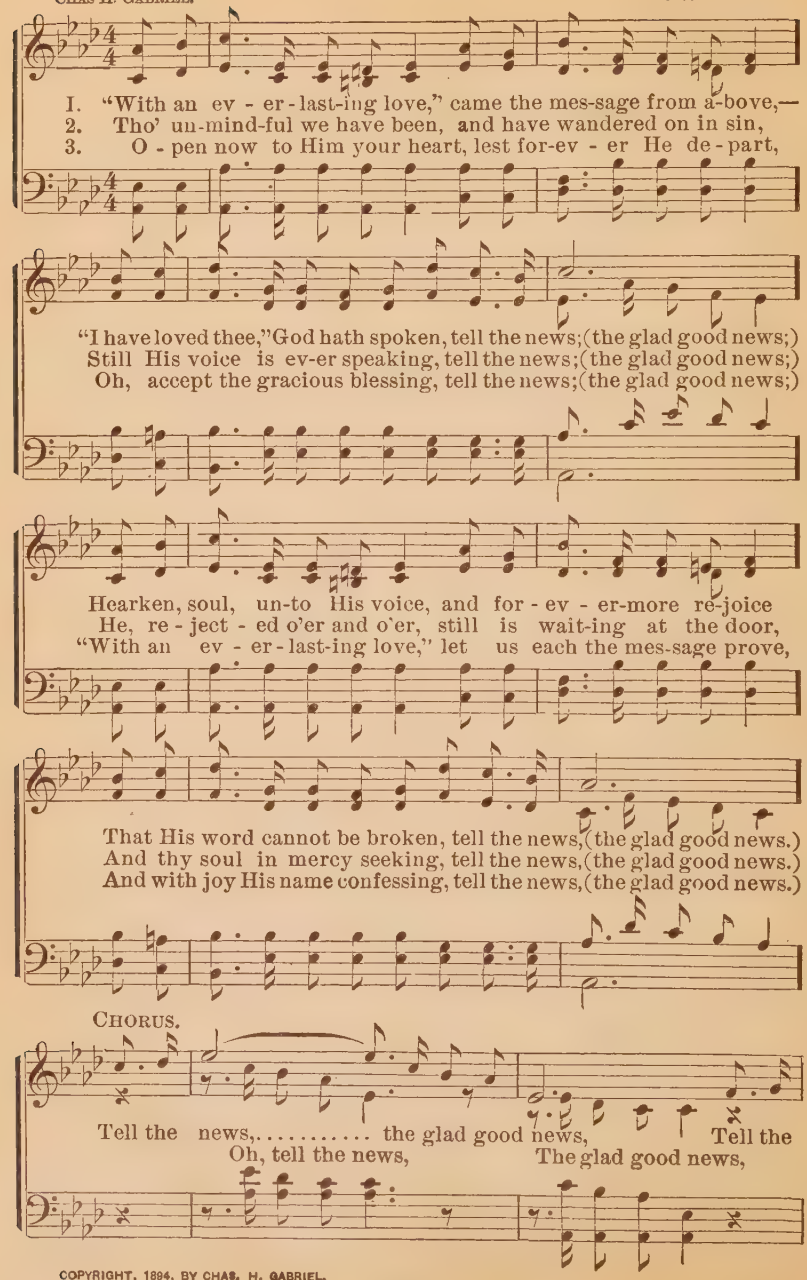
No. 20. The Glad Good News.

CHAS H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL.


1. "With an ev - er - last-ing love," came the mes-sage from a-bove,—
2. Tho' un-mind-ful we have been, and have wandered on in sin,
3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for-ev - er He de - part,
"I have loved thee," God hath spoken, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
Still His voice is ev-er speaking, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
Oh, accept the gracious blessing, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
Hearken, soul, un-to His voice, and for - ev - er-more re-joice
He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait-ing at the door,
"With an ev - er - last-ing love," let us each the mes-sage prove,
That His word cannot be broken, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
And thy soul in mercy seeking, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
And with joy His name confessing, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
CHORUS.
Tell the news, ... the glad good news, Tell the
Oh, tell the news, The glad good news,

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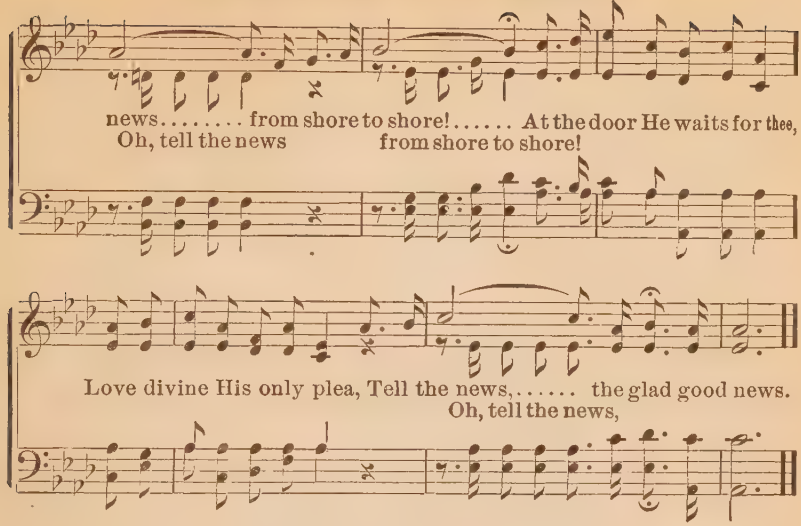
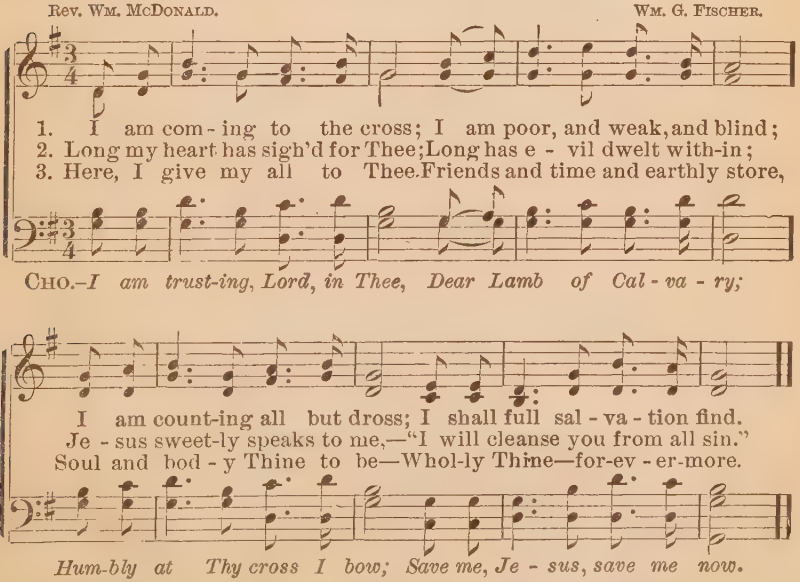

news..... from shore to shore!..... At the door He waits for thee,
Oh, tell the news from shore to shore!
Love divine His only plea, Tell the news,..... the glad good news.
Oh, tell the news,

No. 21. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

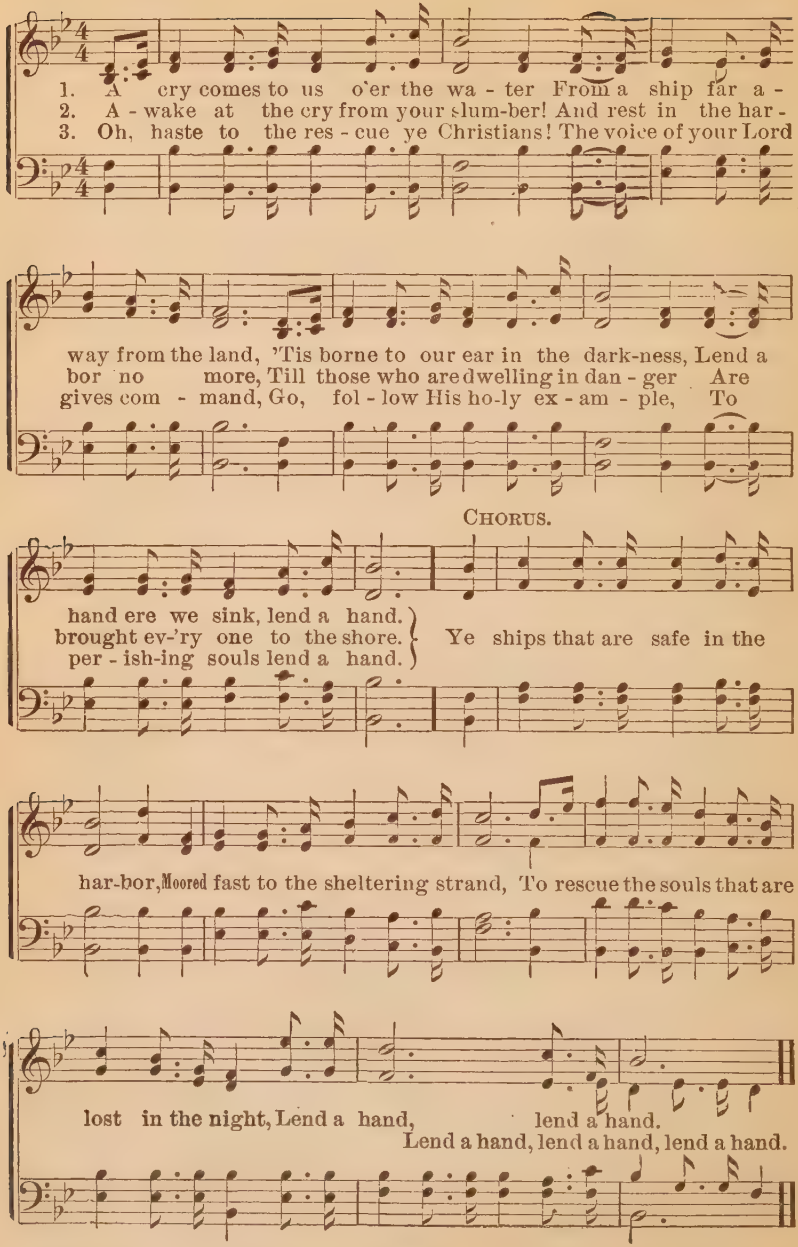
Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with-in;
3. Here, I give my all to Thee. Friends and time and earthly store,
Cho.–I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be—Whol-ly Thine—for-ev - er-more.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4. In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus comes, He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 22. Lend a Hand.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. M. BLACK.

1. A cry comes to us o'er the wa - ter From a ship far a -
2. A - wake at the cry from your slum-ber! And rest in the har -
3. Oh, haste to the res - cue ye Christians! The voice of your Lord
way from the land, 'Tis borne to our ear in the dark-ness, Lend a
bor no more, Till those who are dwelling in dan - ger Are
gives com - mand, Go, fol - low His ho-ly ex - am - ple, To
CHORUS.
hand ere we sink, lend a hand.
brought ev-'ry one to the shore.
per - ish-ing souls lend a hand.
Ye ships that are safe in the
har-bor, Moored fast to the sheltering strand, To rescue the souls that are
lost in the night, Lend a hand, lend a hand.
Lend a hand, lend a hand, lend a hand.

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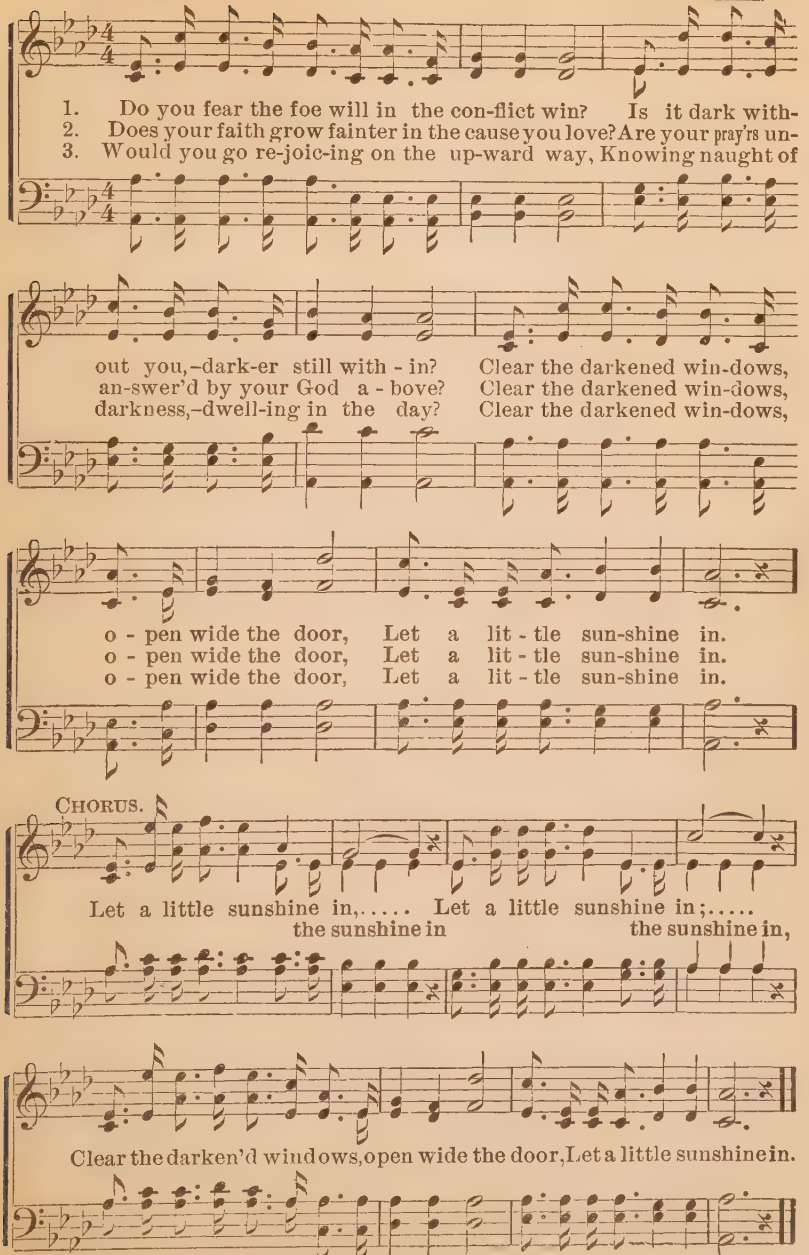
No. 23. Let the Sunshine In.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of
out you,-dark-er still with - in? Clear the darkened win-dows,
an-swer'd by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened win-dows,
darkness,-dwell-ing in the day? Clear the darkened win-dows,
o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.
o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.
o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.
CHORUS.
Let a little sunshine in,..... Let a little sunshine in;.....
the sunshine in the sunshine in,
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

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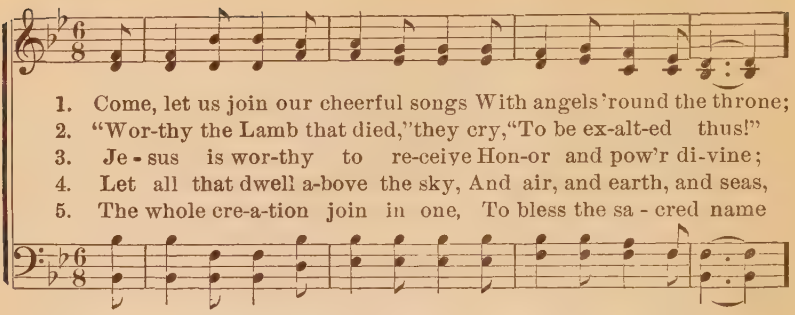
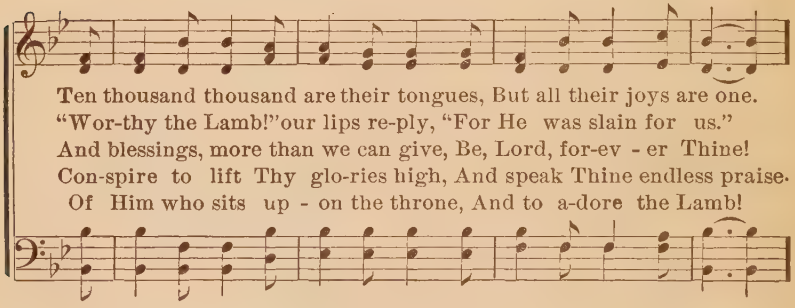
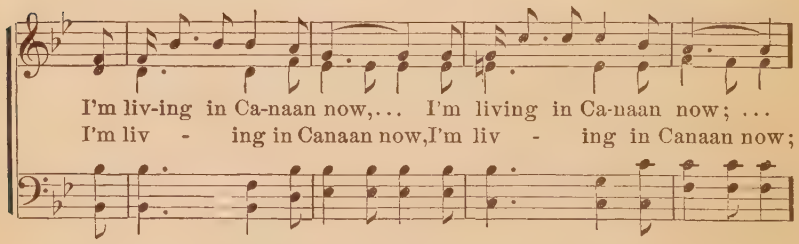
No. 24. Living in Canaan Now.

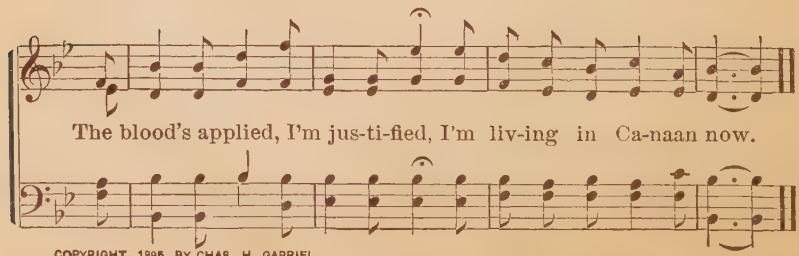
ISAAC WATTS. Chorus by ISAAC NAYLOR.


1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels 'round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and pow'r di-vine;
4. Let all that dwell a-bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
5. The whole cre-a-tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name


Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Wor-thy the Lamb!" our lips re-ply, "For He was slain for us."
And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev - er Thine!
Con-spire to lift Thy glo-ries high, And speak Thine endless praise.
Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb!

CHORUS.





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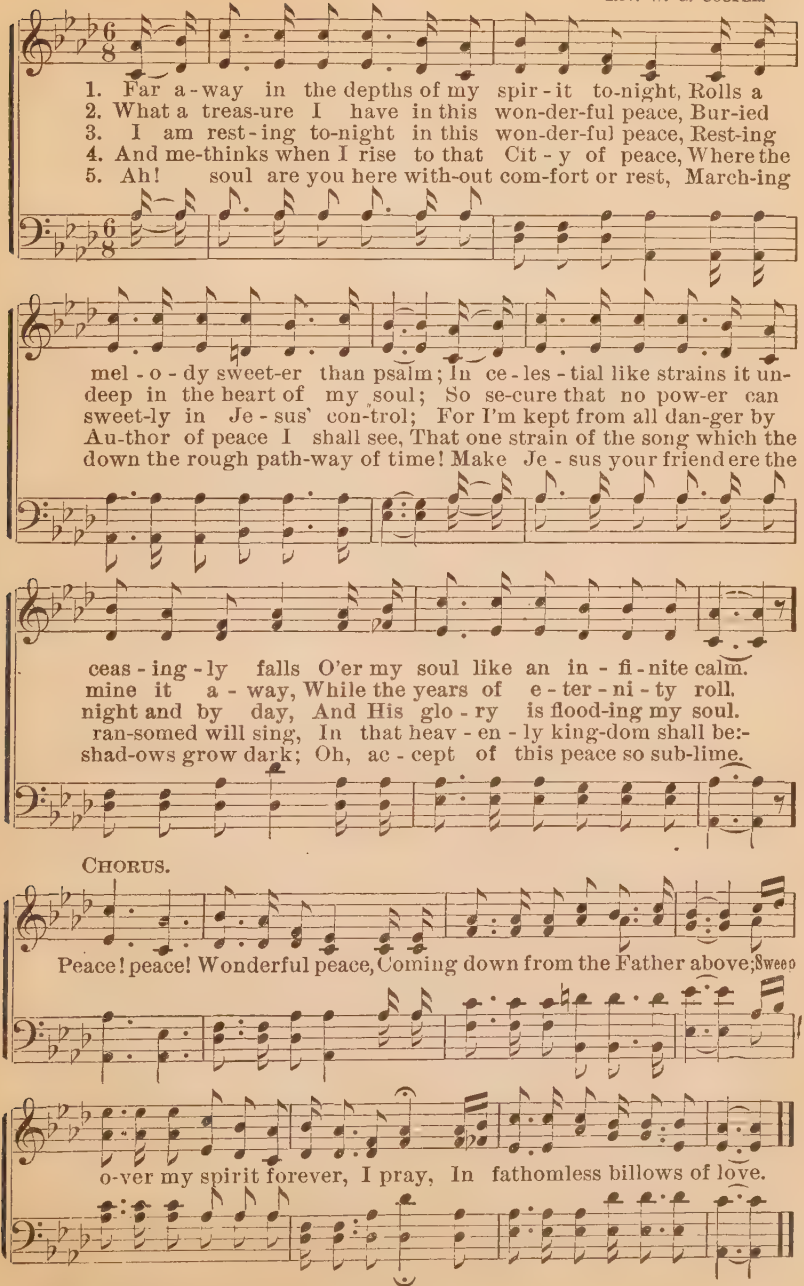
No. 25. Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. Cornell. Alt. Rev. W. G. Cooper.


1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest-ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit-y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul are you here with-out com-fort or rest, March-ing
mel-o-dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-les-tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se-cure that no pow-er can
sweet-ly in Je-sus' con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough path-way of time! Make Je-sus your friend ere the
ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in-fi-nite calm.
mine it a-way, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.
ran-somed will sing, In that heav-en-ly king-dom shall be:-
shad-ows grow dark; Oh, ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime.
Chorus.
Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father above; Sweep
o-ver my spirit forever, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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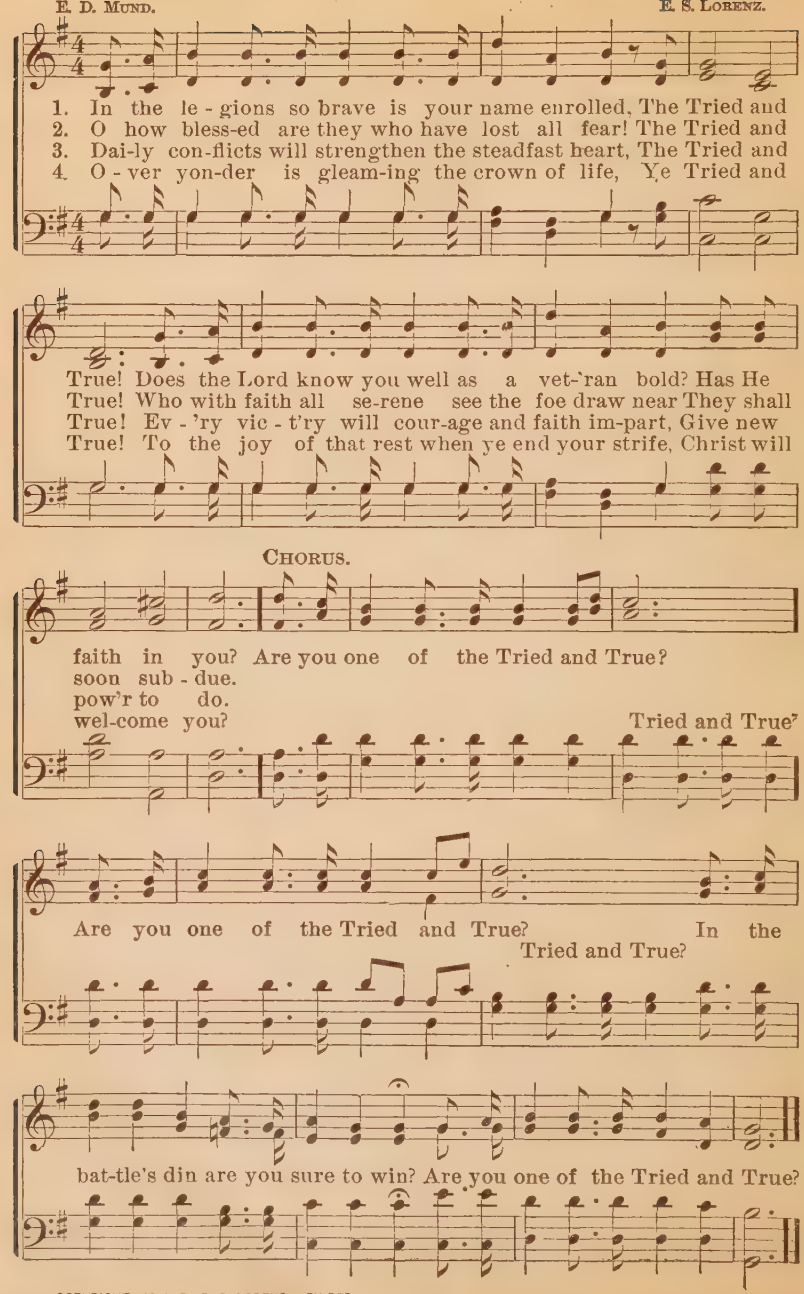
No. 26. The Tried and True.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

1. In the le - gions so brave is your name enrolled, The Tried and
2. O how bless-ed are they who have lost all fear! The Tried and
3. Dai-ly con-flicts will strengthen the steadfast heart, The Tried and
4. O - ver yon-der is gleam-ing the crown of life, Ye Tried and
True! Does the Lord know you well as a vet-'ran bold? Has He
True! Who with faith all se-rene see the foe draw near They shall
True! Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry will cour-age and faith im-part, Give new
True! To the joy of that rest when ye end your strife, Christ will
Chorus.
faith in you? Are you one of the Tried and True?
soon sub - due.
pow'r to do.
wel-come you?
Tried and True?
Are you one of the Tried and True? In the
Tried and True?
bat-tle's din are you sure to win? Are you one of the Tried and True?

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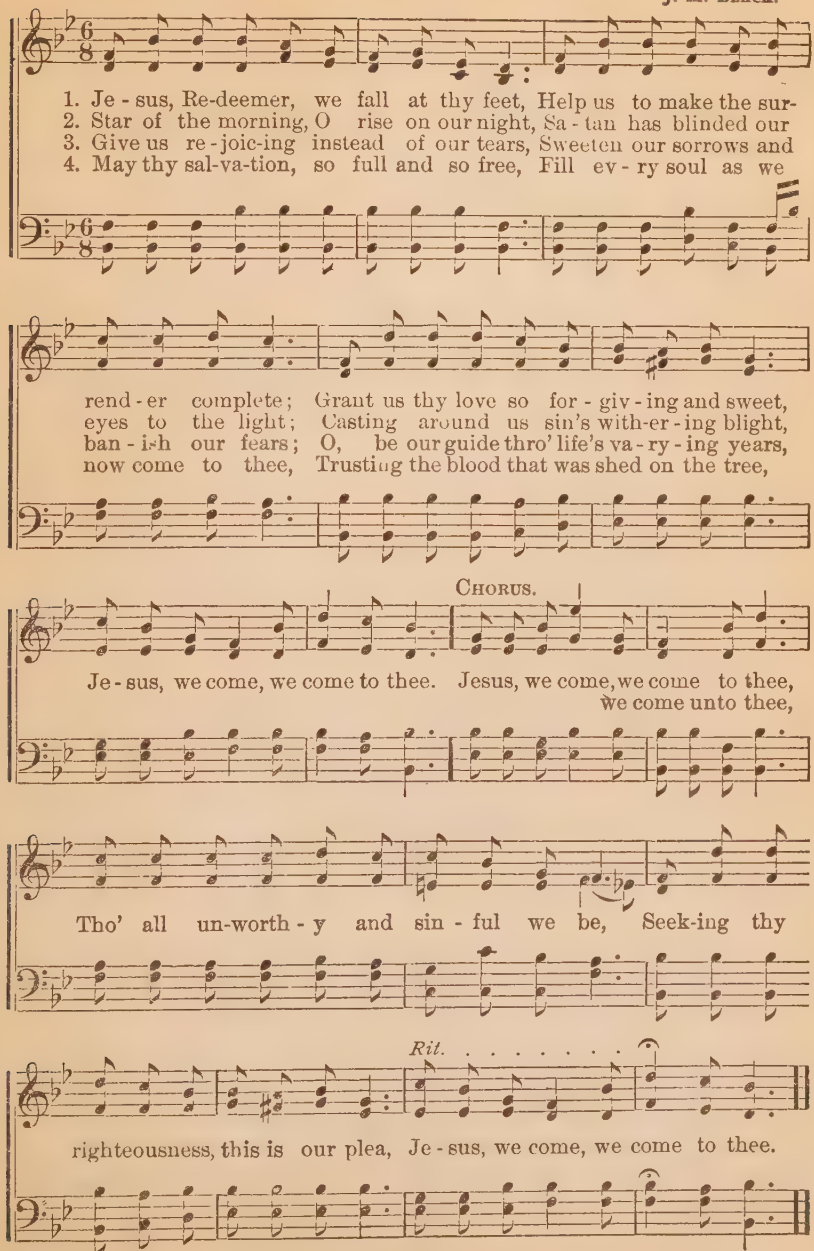
No. 27. Jesus, We Come to Thee.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Je - sus, Re-deemer, we fall at thy feet, Help us to make the sur-
2. Star of the morning, O rise on our night, Sa - tan has blinded our
3. Give us re - joic-ing instead of our tears, Sweeten our sorrows and
4. May thy sal-va-tion, so full and so free, Fill ev - ry soul as we
rend - er complete; Grant us thy love so for - giv - ing and sweet,
eyes to the light; Casting around us sin's with-er - ing blight,
ban - ish our fears; O, be our guide thro' life's va - ry - ing years,
now come to thee, Trusting the blood that was shed on the tree,
CHORUS.
Je - sus, we come, we come to thee. Jesus, we come, we come to thee,
we come unto thee,
Tho' all un-worth - y and sin - ful we be, Seek-ing thy
Rit.
righteousness, this is our plea, Je - sus, we come, we come to thee.

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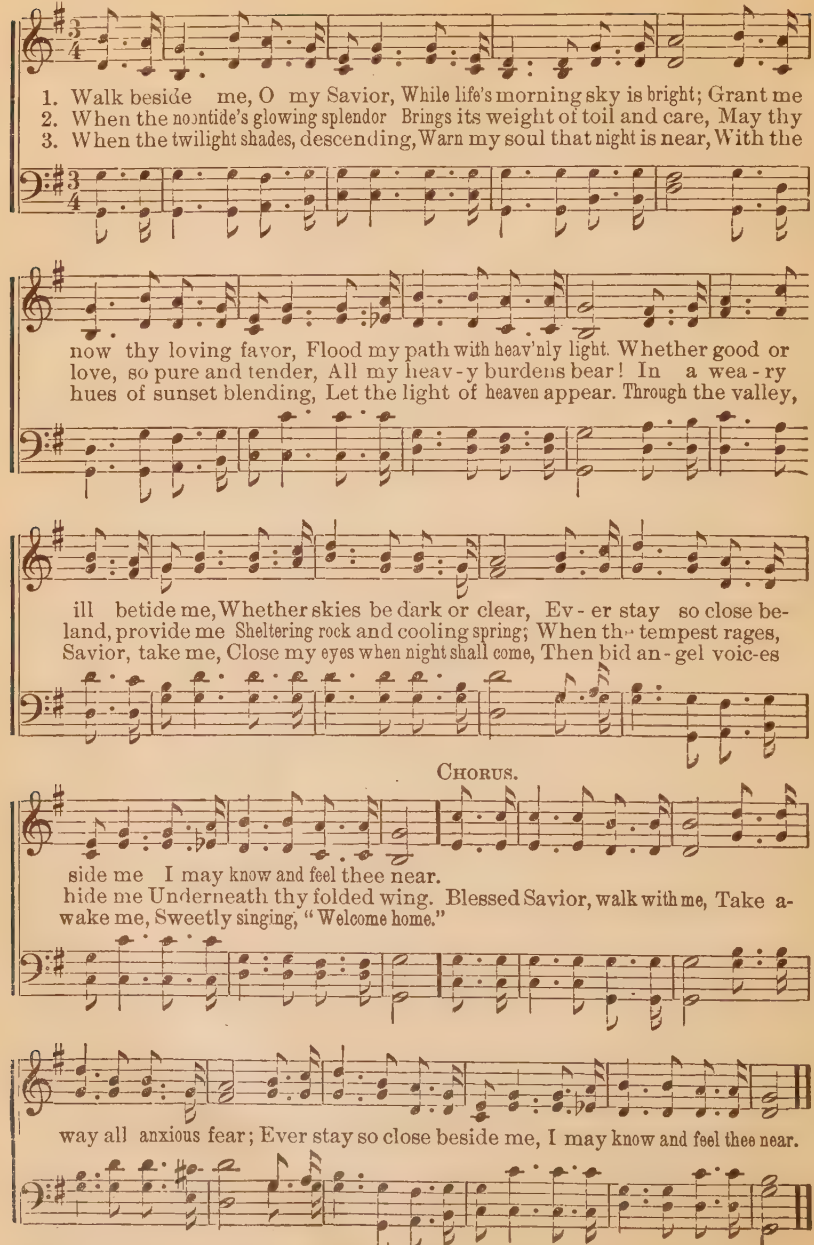
Walk Beside Me.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Walk beside me, O my Savior, While life's morning sky is bright; Grant me
2. When the noontide's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care, May thy
3. When the twilight shades, descending, Warn my soul that night is near, With the
now thy loving favor, Flood my path with heav'nly light. Whether good or
love, so pure and tender, All my heav-y burdens bear! In a wea-ry
hues of sunset blending, Let the light of heaven appear. Through the valley,
ill betide me, Whether skies be dark or clear, Ev-er stay so close be-
land, provide me Sheltering rock and cooling spring; When the tempest rages,
Savior, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come, Then bid an-gel voic-es
CHORUS.
side me I may know and feel thee near.
hide me Underneath thy folded wing. Blessed Savior, walk with me, Take a-
wake me, Sweetly singing, "Welcome home."
way all anxious fear; Ever stay so close beside me, I may know and feel thee near.

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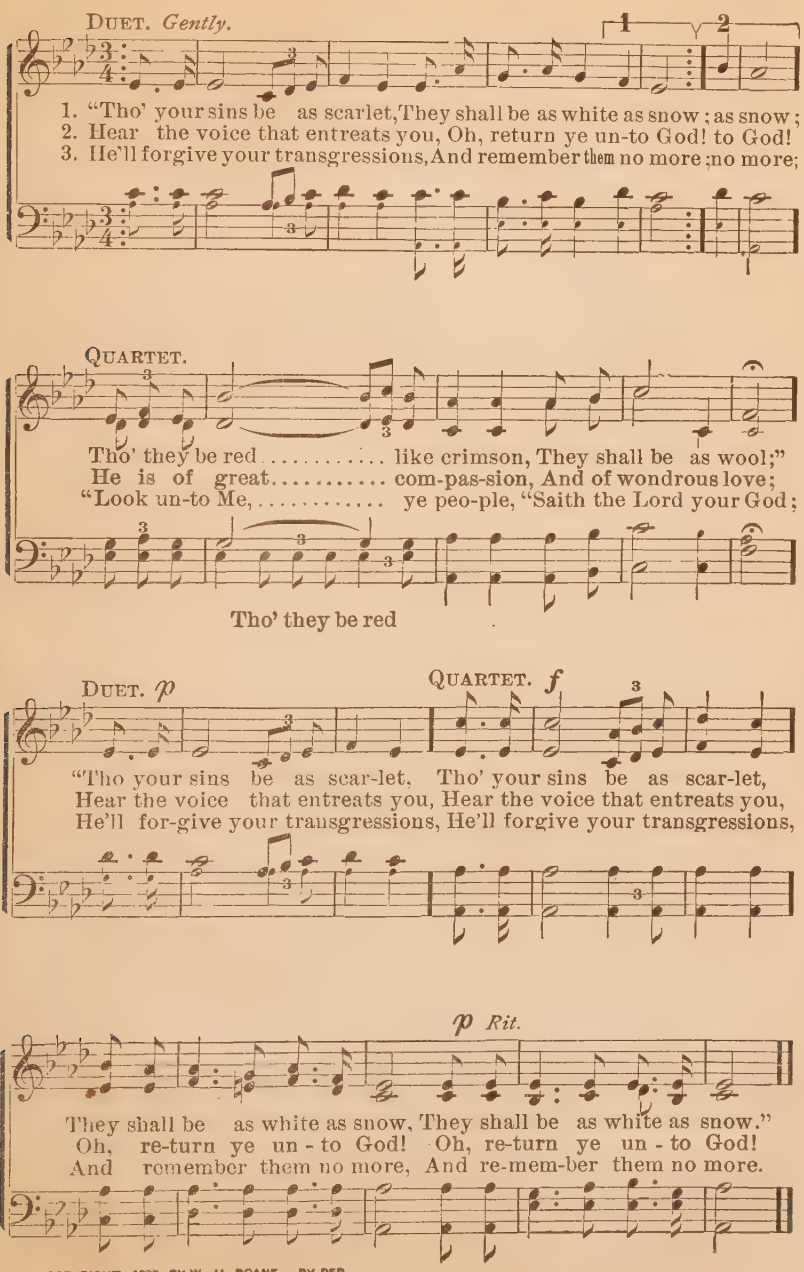
No. 2.

No. 29. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


DUET. Gently.
1
2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red ..... like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great ..... com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un-to Me, ... ye peo-ple, "Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,
p Rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
And remember them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

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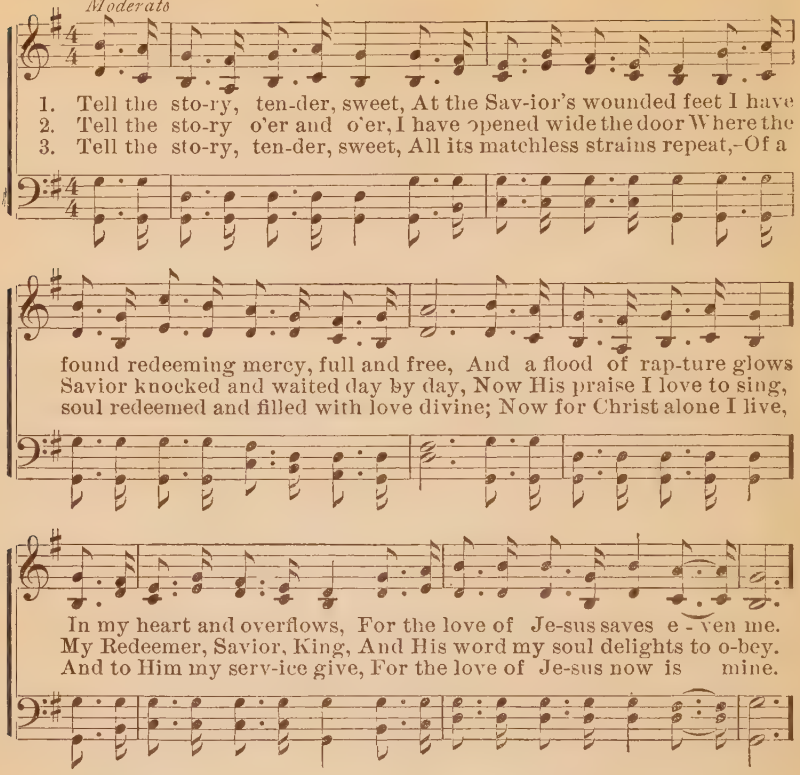
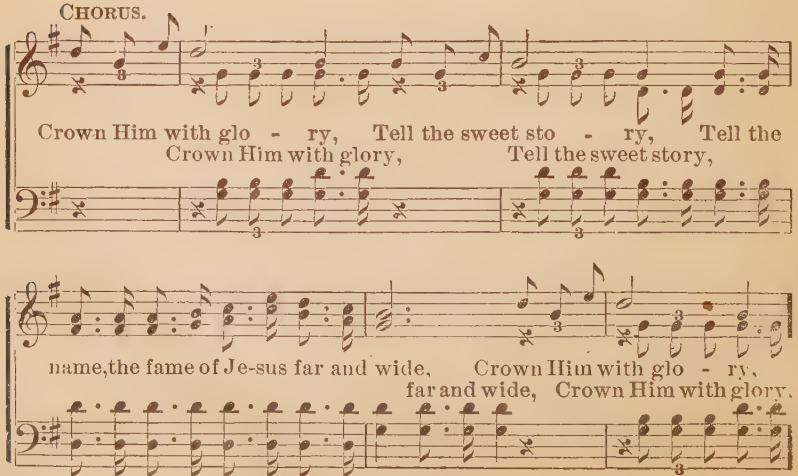
No. 30. Tell the Sweet Story.

Rev. Alfred J. Hough. J. M. Black.

Moderato


1. Tell the sto-ry, ten-der, sweet, At the Sav-ior's wounded feet I have
2. Tell the sto-ry o'er and o'er, I have opened wide the door Where the
3. Tell the sto-ry, ten-der, sweet, All its matchless strains repeat,-Of a
found redeeming mercy, full and free, And a flood of rap-ture glows
Savior knocked and waited day by day, Now His praise I love to sing,
soul redeemed and filled with love divine; Now for Christ alone I live,
In my heart and overflows, For the love of Je-sus saves e - ven me.
My Redeemer, Savior, King, And His word my soul delights to o-bey.
And to Him my serv-ice give, For the love of Je-sus now is mine.

CHORUS.


Crown Him with glo - ry, Tell the sweet sto - ry, Tell the
Crown Him with glory, Tell the sweet story,
name, the fame of Je-sus far and wide, Crown Him with glo - ry,
far and wide, Crown Him with glory.

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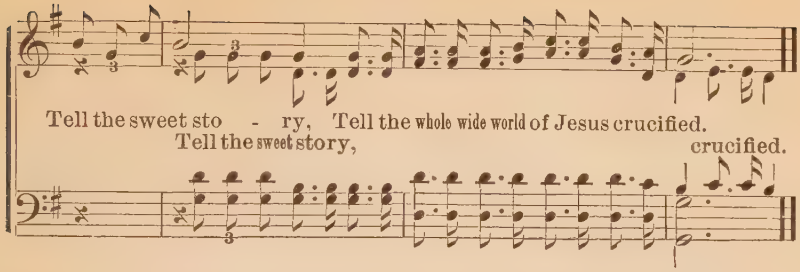
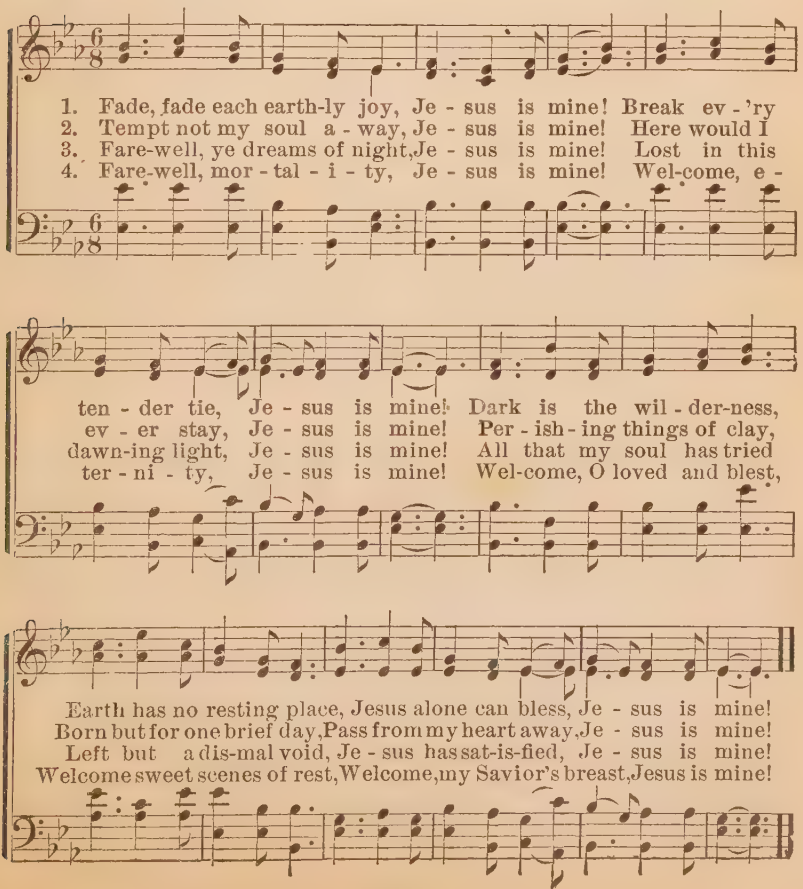
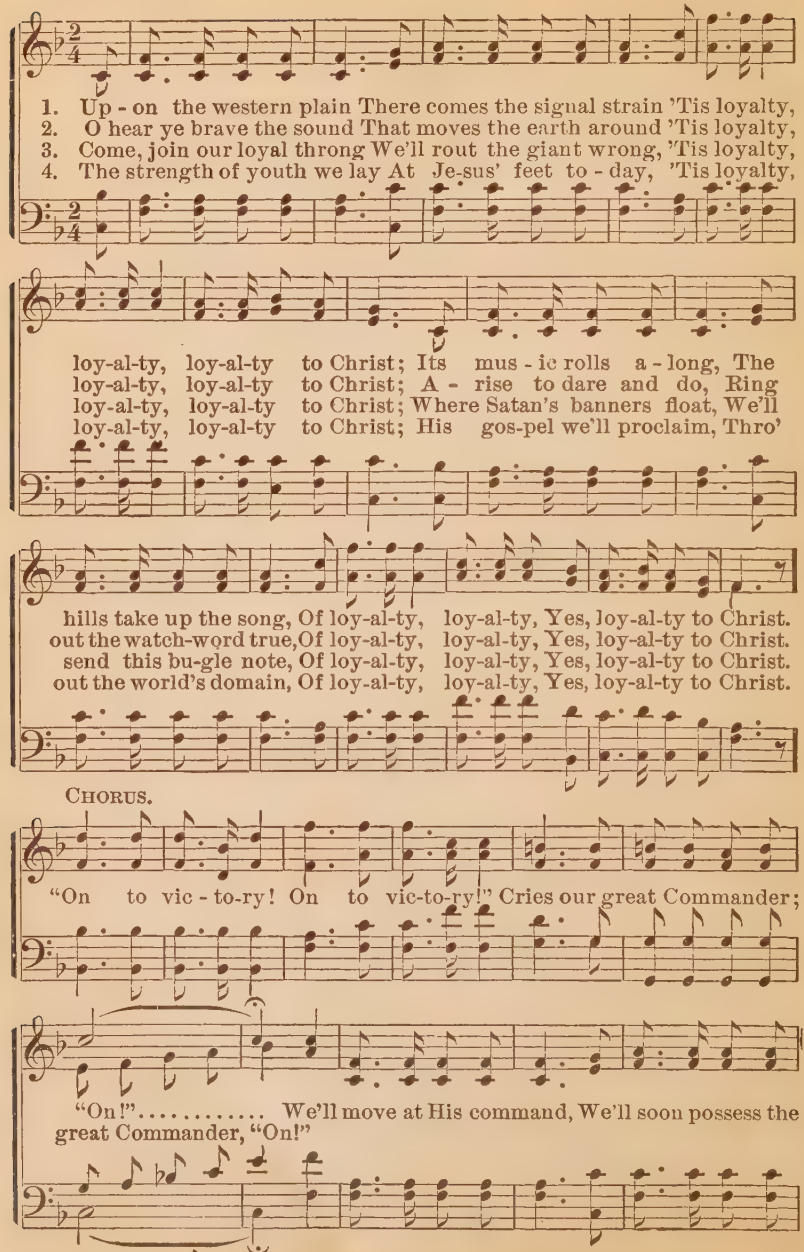


No. 31. Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, e -
ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no resting place, Jesus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat-is-fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Jesus is mine!

32. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. Up - on the western plain There comes the signal strain 'Tis loyalty,
2. O hear ye brave the sound That moves the earth around 'Tis loyalty,
3. Come, join our loyal throng We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loyalty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loyalty,
loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mus - ic rolls a - long, The
loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring
loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float, We'll
loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll proclaim, Thro'
hills take up the song, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
out the watch-word true, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
send this bu-gle note, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
out the world's domain, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
Chorus.
"On to vic - to-ry! On to vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander;
"On!"..... We'll move at His command, We'll soon possess the great Commander, "On!"

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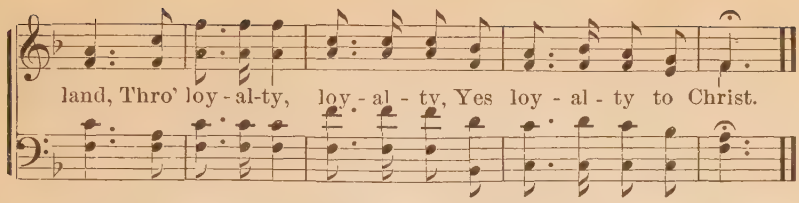
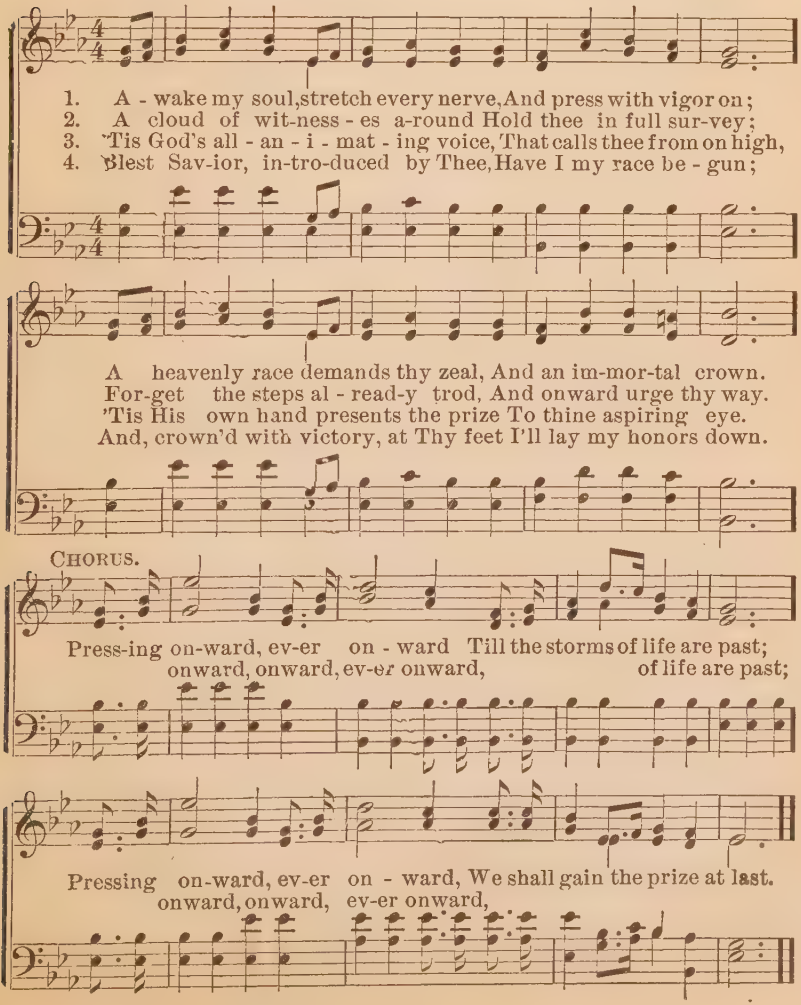

No. 33. Awake, My Soul.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. J. M. BLACK.


1. A - wake my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on;
2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a-round Hold thee in full sur-vey;
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice, That calls thee from on high,
4. Blest Sav-ior, in-tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown.
For-get the steps al - ready trod, And onward urge thy way.
'Tis His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye.
And, crown'd with victory, at Thy feet I'll lay my honors down.
CHORUS.
Press-ing on-ward, ev-er on - ward Till the storms of life are past;
onward, onward, ev-er onward, of life are past;
Pressing on-ward, ev-er on - ward, We shall gain the prize at last.
onward, onward, ev-er onward,

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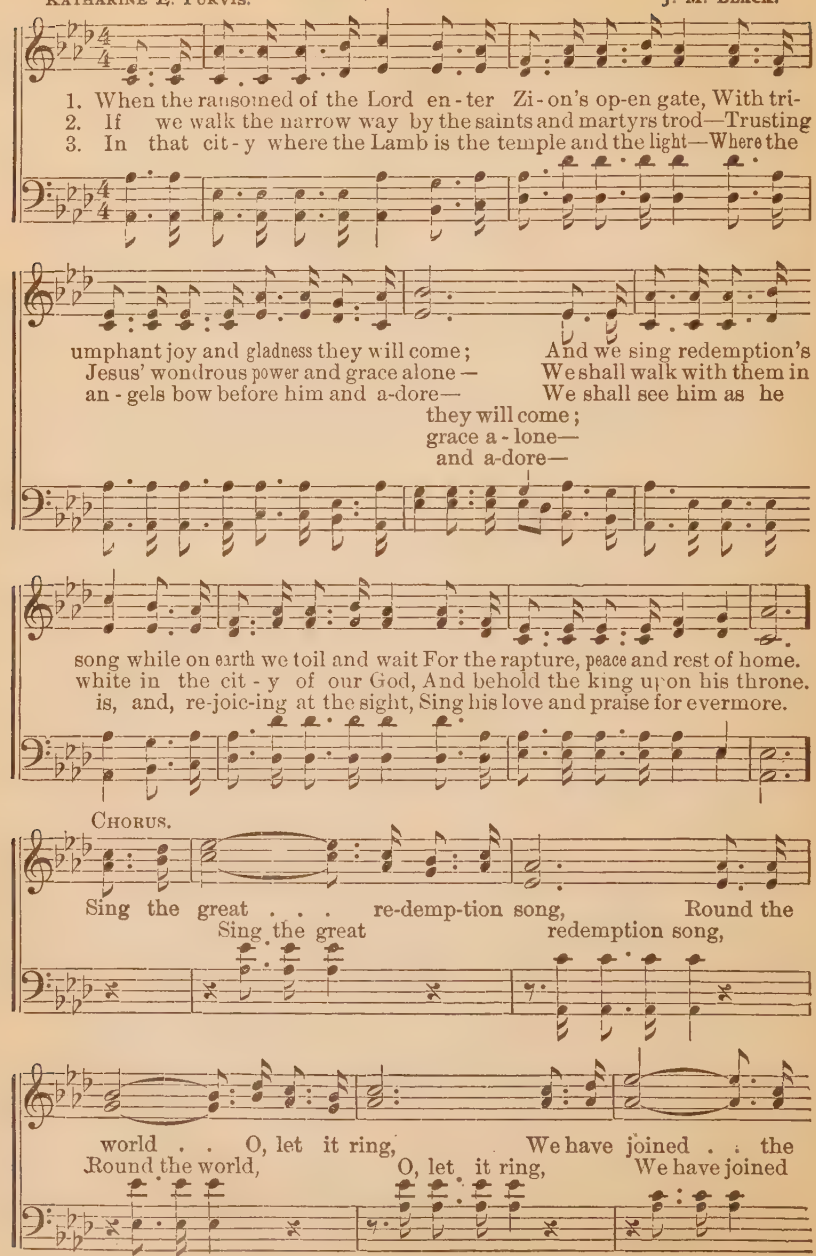
No. 34. The City of the King.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.


1. When the ransomed of the Lord en - ter Zi - on's op-en gate, With tri-
2. If we walk the narrow way by the saints and martyrs trod—Trusting
3. In that cit - y where the Lamb is the temple and the light—Where the
umphant joy and gladness they will come;
Jesus' wondrous power and grace alone—
an - gels bow before him and a-dore—
And we sing redemption's
We shall walk with them in
We shall see him as he
they will come;
grace a - lone—
and a-dore—
song while on earth we toil and wait For the rapture, peace and rest of home.
white in the cit - y of our God, And behold the king upon his throne.
is, and, re-joic-ing at the sight, Sing his love and praise for evermore.
CHORUS.
Sing the great . . . re-demp-tion song, Round the
Sing the great redemption song,
world . . O, let it ring, We have joined . . the
Round the world, O, let it ring, We have joined

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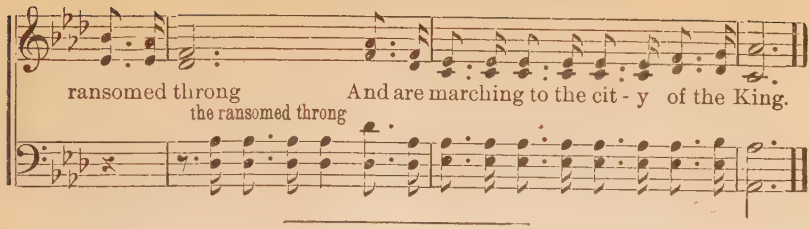
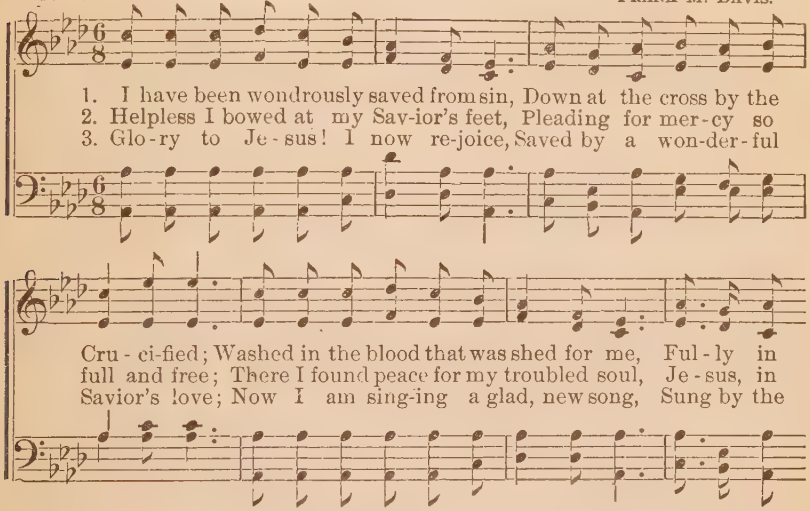
No. 2

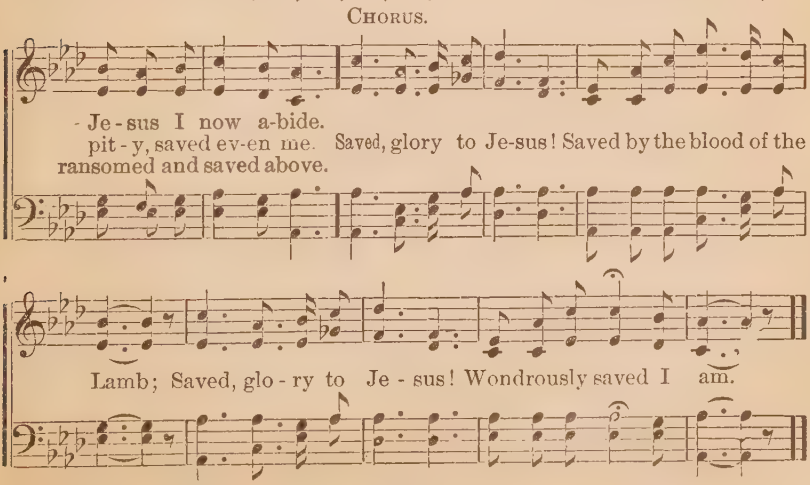


No. 35. Saved, Glory to Jesus.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. I have been wondrously saved from sin, Down at the cross by the
2. Helpless I bowed at my Sav-ior's feet, Pleading for mer-cy so
3. Glo-ry to Je-sus! I now re-joice, Saved by a won-der-ful
Cru - ci-fied; Washed in the blood that was shed for me, Ful-ly in
full and free; There I found peace for my troubled soul, Je-sus, in
Savior's love; Now I am sing-ing a glad, new song, Sung by the

CHORUS.


- Je-sus I now a-bide.
pit-y, saved ev-en me. Saved, glory to Je-sus! Saved by the blood of the
ransomed and saved above.
Lamb; Saved, glo-ry to Je-sus! Wondrously saved I am.

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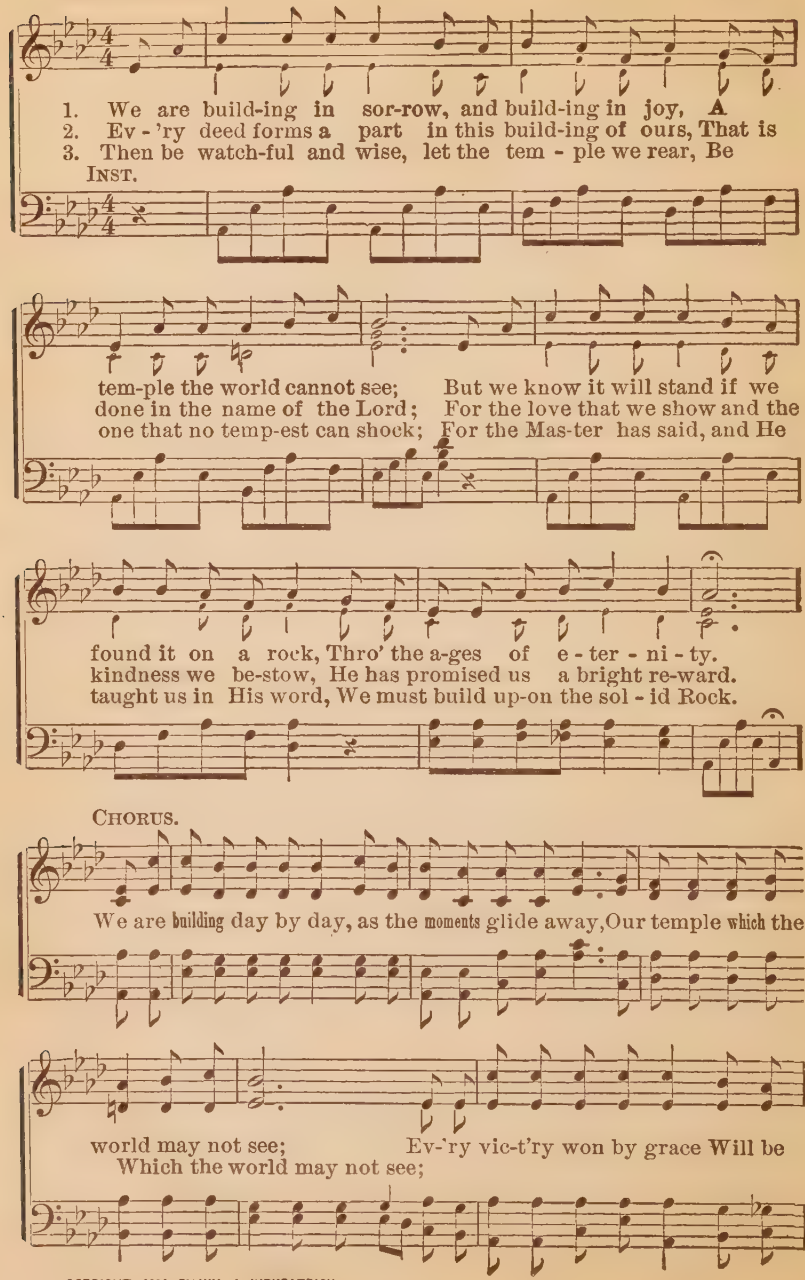
No. 36. Building Day by Day.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are build-ing in sor-row, and build-ing in joy, A
2. Ev - 'ry deed forms a part in this build-ing of ours, That is
3. Then be watch-ful and wise, let the tem - ple we rear, Be
INST.
tem-ple the world cannot see; But we know it will stand if we
done in the name of the Lord; For the love that we show and the
one that no temp-est can shock; For the Mas-ter has said, and He
found it on a rock, Thro' the a-ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
kindness we be-stow, He has promised us a bright re-ward.
taught us in His word, We must build up-on the sol - id Rock.
CHORUS.
We are building day by day, as the moments glide away, Our temple which the
world may not see; Ev-'ry vic-t'ry won by grace Will be
Which the world may not see;

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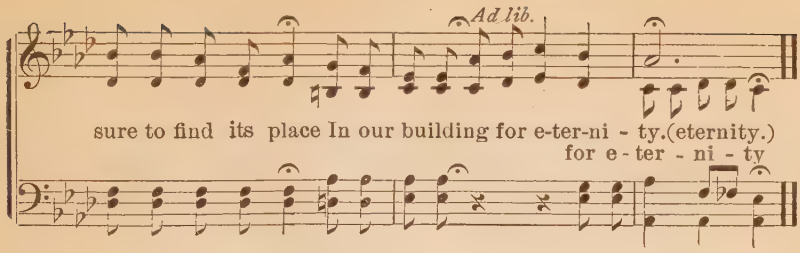
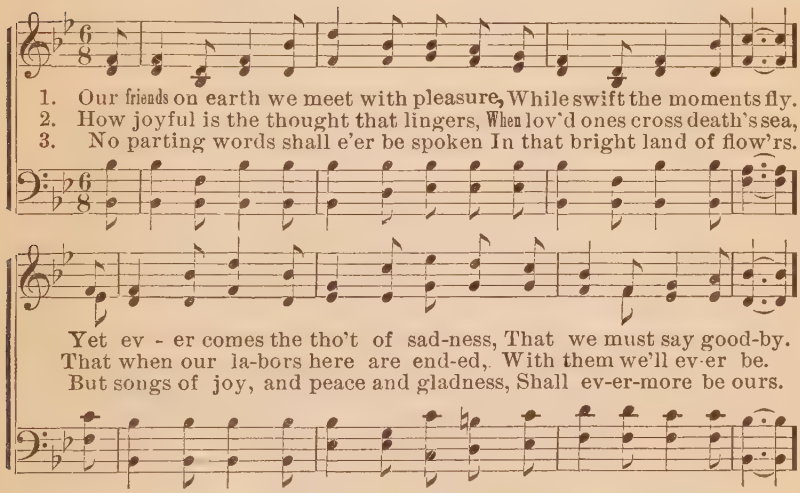
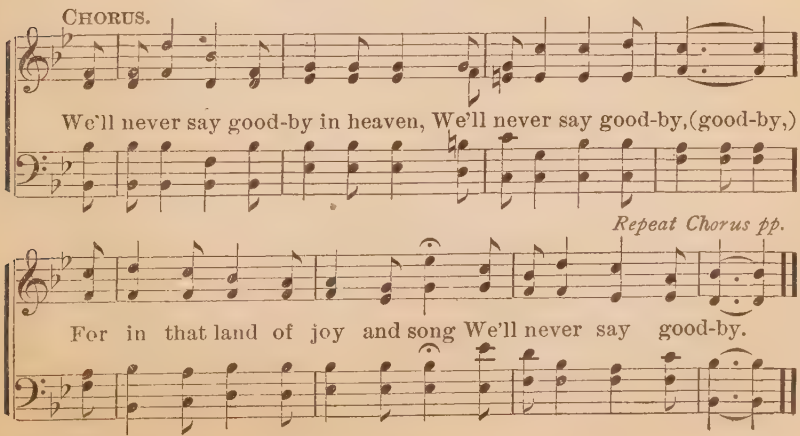


No. 37. We'll Never Say Good By.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN, J. H. TENNEY.


1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly.
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flow'rs.
Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say good-by.
That when our la-bors here are end-ed, With them we'll ev-er be.
But songs of joy, and peace and gladness, Shall ev-er-more be ours.


CHORUS.
We'll never say good-by in heaven, We'll never say good-by,(good-by,)
Repeat Chorus pp.
For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good-by.

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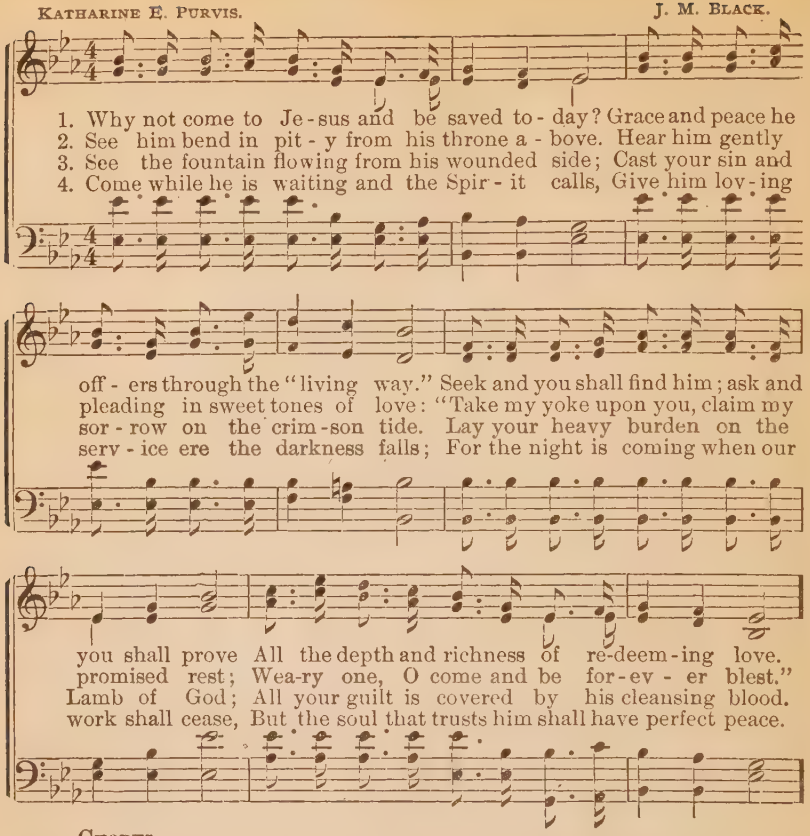
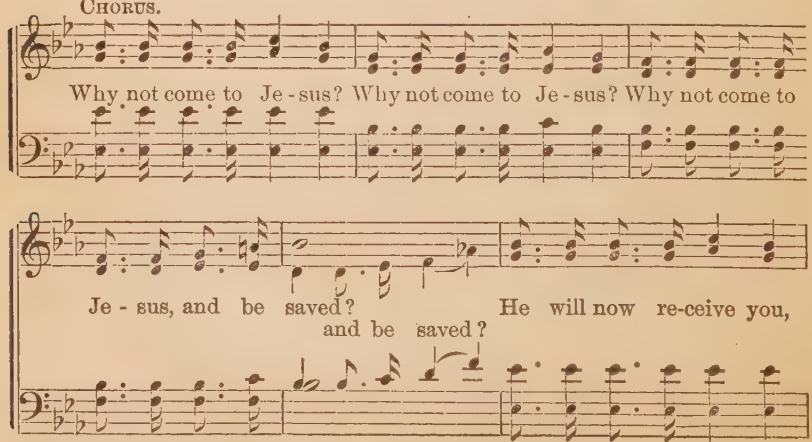
No. 38. Why Not Come to Jesus?

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.


1. Why not come to Je-sus and be saved to-day? Grace and peace he
2. See him bend in pit-y from his throne a-bove. Hear him gently
3. See the fountain flowing from his wounded side; Cast your sin and
4. Come while he is waiting and the Spir-it calls, Give him lov-ing
off-ers through the "living way." Seek and you shall find him; ask and
pleading in sweet tones of love: "Take my yoke upon you, claim my
sor-row on the crim-son tide. Lay your heavy burden on the
serv-ice ere the darkness falls; For the night is coming when our
you shall prove All the depth and richness of re-deem-ing love.
promised rest; Wea-ry one, O come and be for-ev-er blest."
Lamb of God; All your guilt is covered by his cleansing blood.
work shall cease, But the soul that trusts him shall have perfect peace.

CHORUS.



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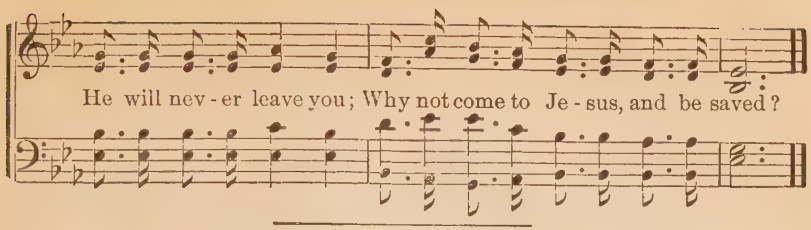
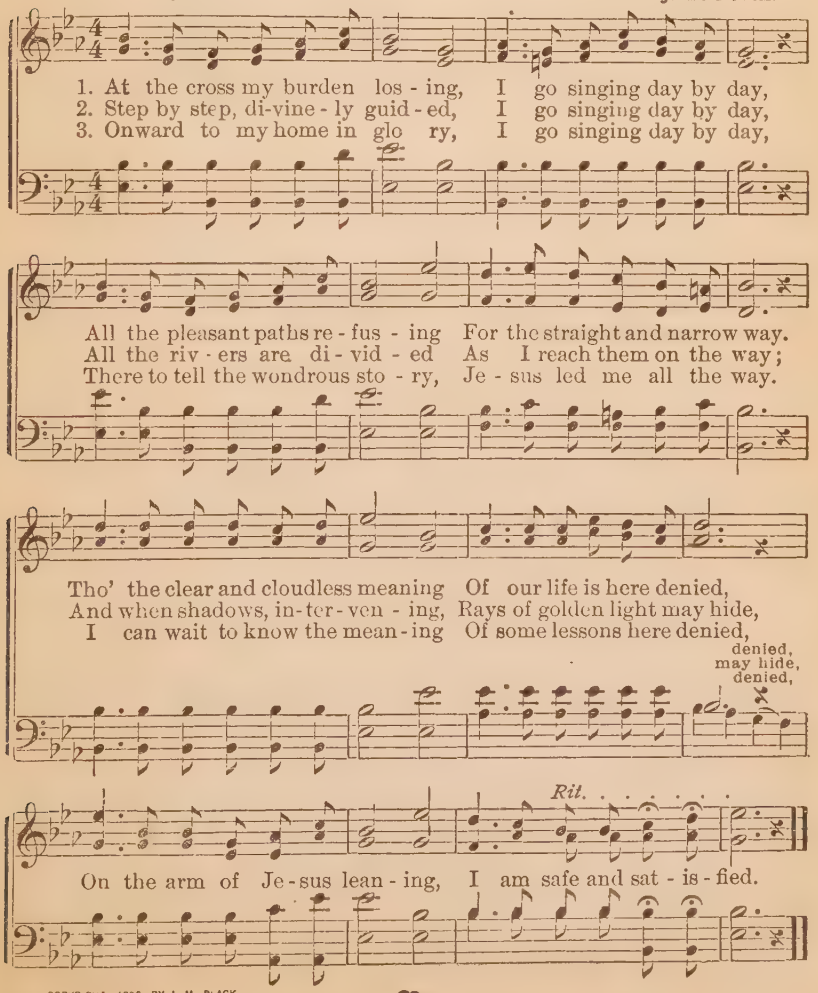


No 39. On the Arm of Jesus Leaning.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH. J. M. BLACK.


1. At the cross my burden los - ing, I go singing day by day,
2. Step by step, di-vine - ly guid - ed, I go singing day by day,
3. Onward to my home in glo ry, I go singing day by day,
All the pleasant paths re - fus - ing For the straight and narrow way.
All the riv - ers are di - vid - ed As I reach them on the way;
There to tell the wondrous sto - ry, Je - sus led me all the way.
Tho' the clear and cloudless meaning Of our life is here denied,
And when shadows, in-ter-ven - ing, Rays of golden light may hide,
I can wait to know the mean - ing Of some lessons here denied,
denied,
may hide,
denied,
Rit.
On the arm of Je - sus lean - ing, I am safe and sat - is - fied.

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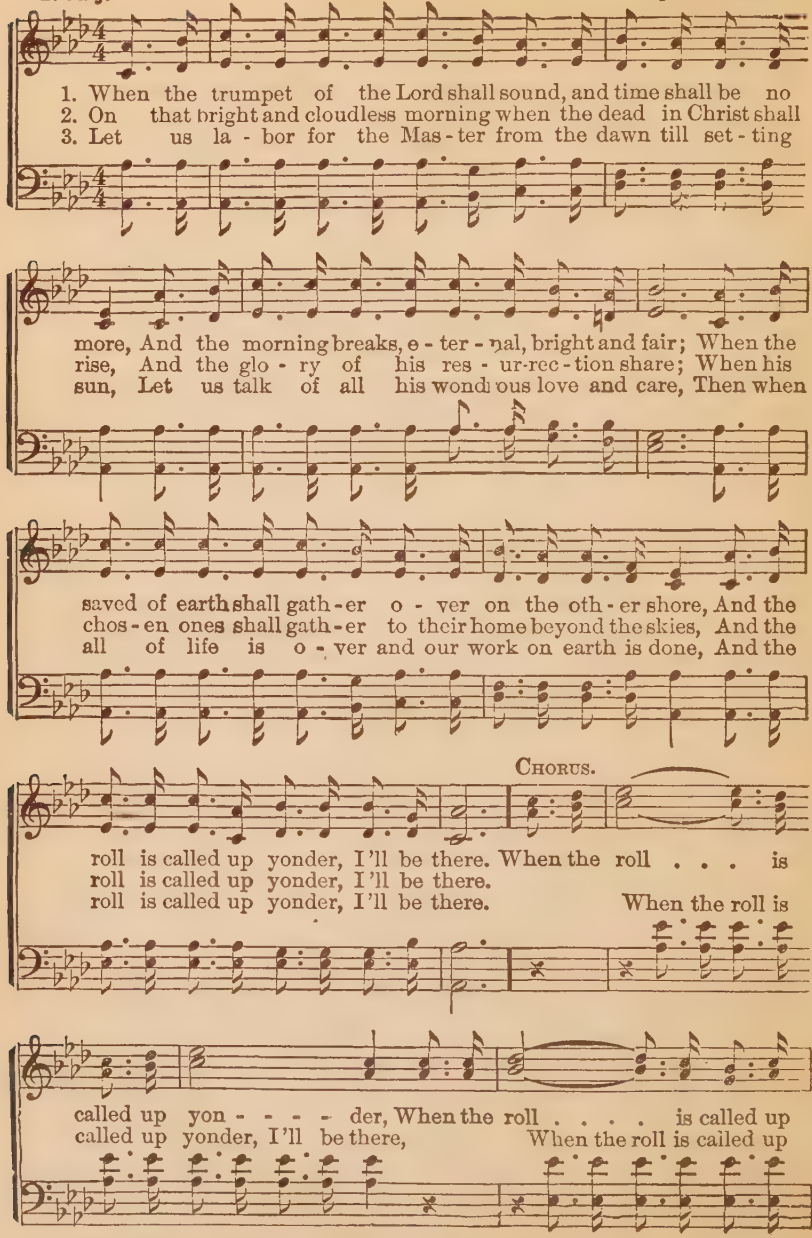
No. 40. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

E. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of his res - ur-rec - tion share; When his chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all his wond'rous love and care, Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
CHORUS.
When the roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up

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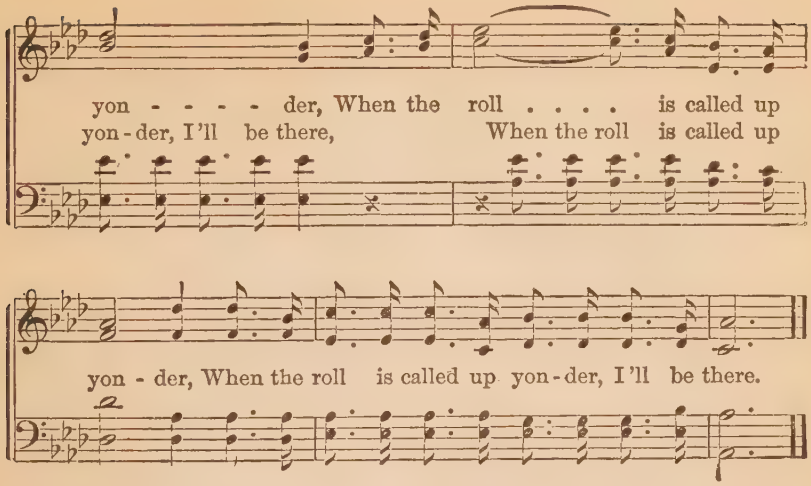
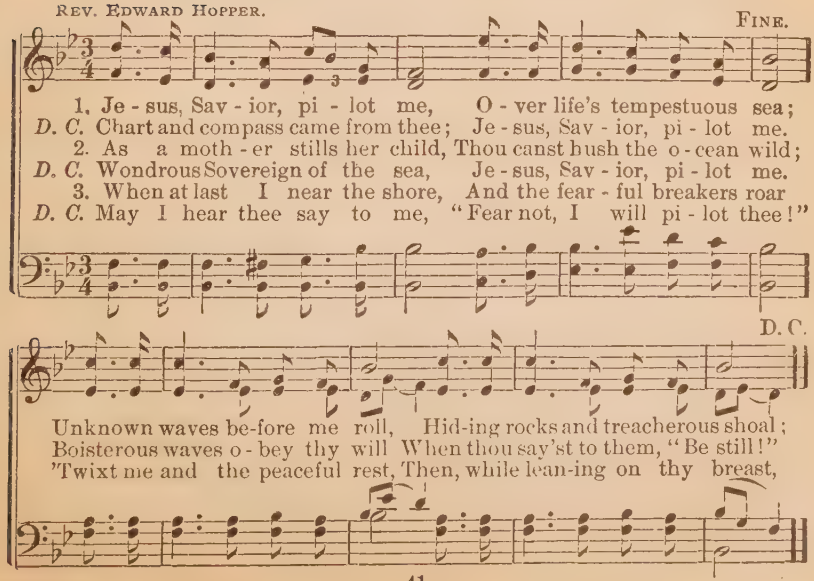

yon - - - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

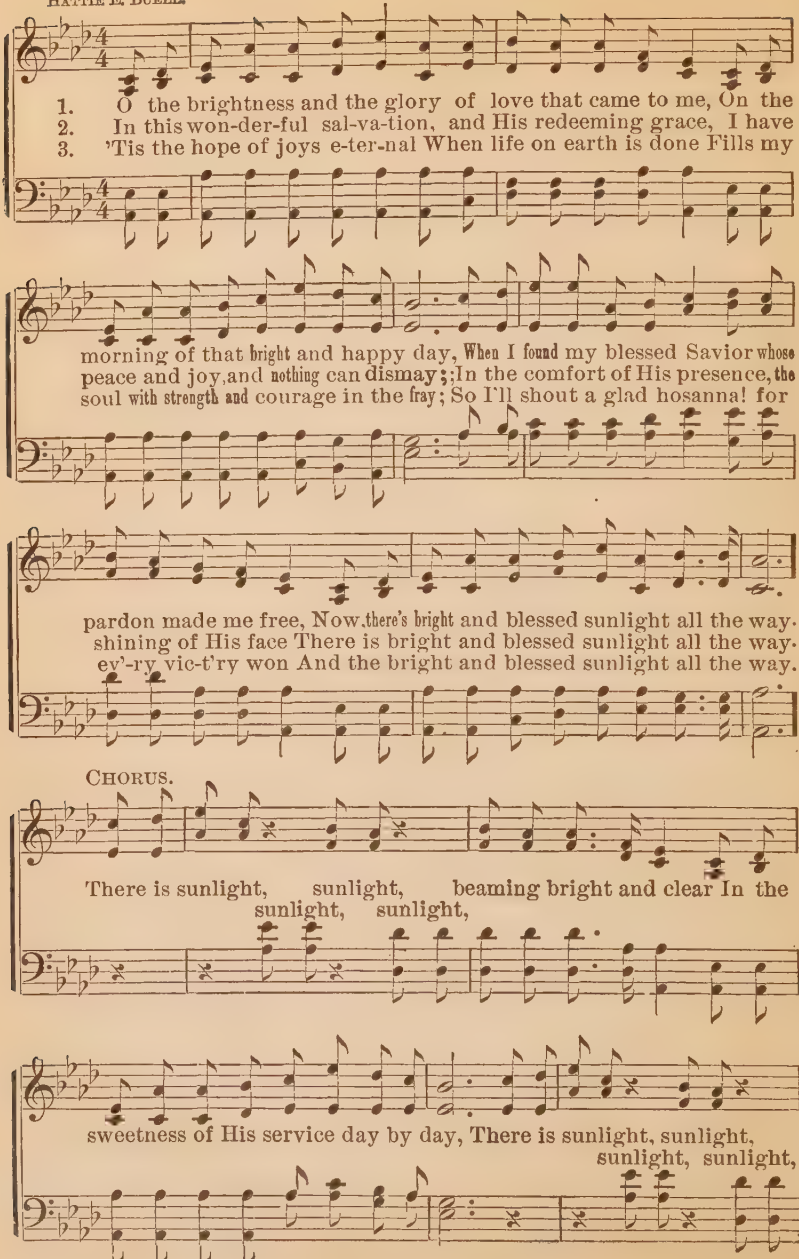
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D. C. Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D. C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
D. C. May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D. C.
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

No. 42. Sunlight all the Way.

HATTIE E. BUELL. J. M. BLACK.


1. O the brightness and the glory of love that came to me, On the
2. In this won-der-ful sal-va-tion, and His redeeming grace, I have
3. 'Tis the hope of joys e-ter-nal When life on earth is done Fills my
morning of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Savior whose
peace and joy, and nothing can dismay; In the comfort of His presence, the
soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad hosanna! for
pardon made me free, Now there's bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
shining of His face There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
ev'-ry vic-t'ry won And the bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
CHORUS.
There is sunlight, sunlight, beaming bright and clear In the
sunlight, sunlight,
sweetness of His service day by day, There is sunlight, sunlight,
sunlight, sunlight,

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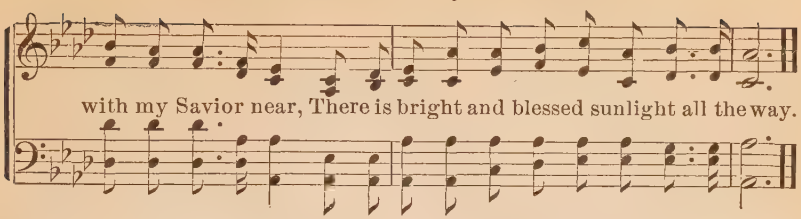
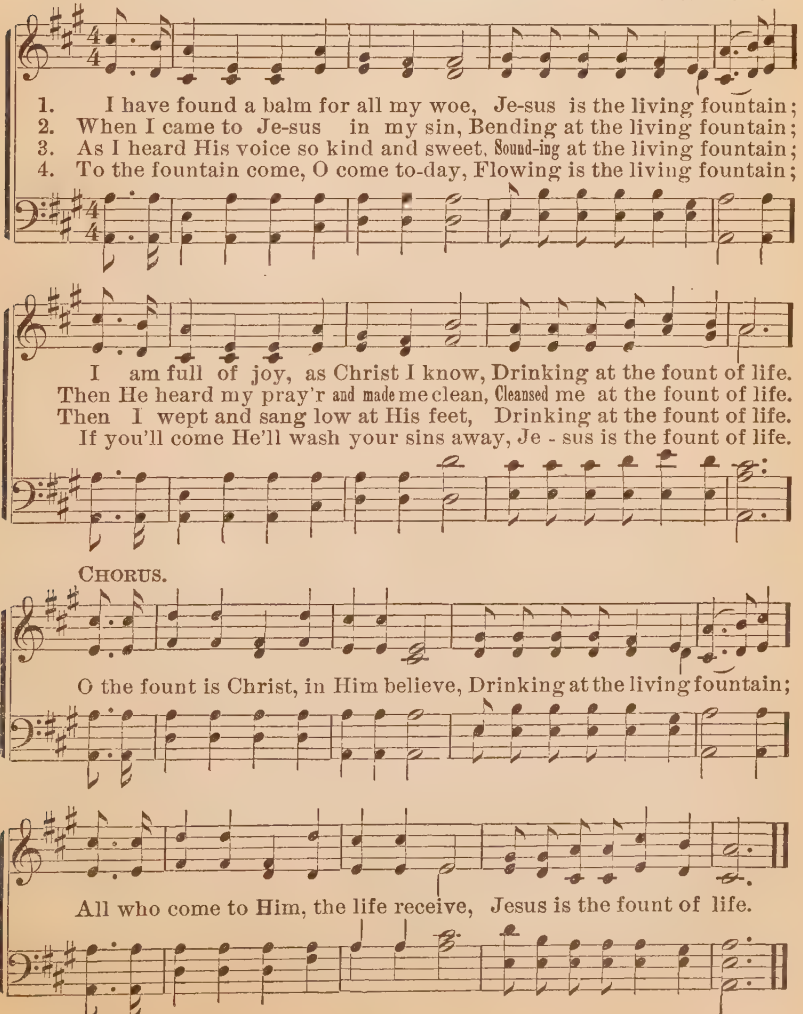


No. 43. Drinking at the Living Fountain.

The "Lanan." P. P. BILHORN.


1. I have found a balm for all my woe, Je-sus is the living fountain;
2. When I came to Je-sus in my sin, Bending at the living fountain;
3. As I heard His voice so kind and sweet, Sound-ing at the living fountain;
4. To the fountain come, O come to-day, Flowing is the living fountain;
I am full of joy, as Christ I know, Drinking at the fount of life.
Then He heard my pray'r and made me clean, Cleansed me at the fount of life.
Then I wept and sang low at His feet, Drinking at the fount of life.
If you'll come He'll wash your sins away, Je - sus is the fount of life.
CHORUS.
O the fount is Christ, in Him believe, Drinking at the living fountain;
All who come to Him, the life receive, Jesus is the fount of life.

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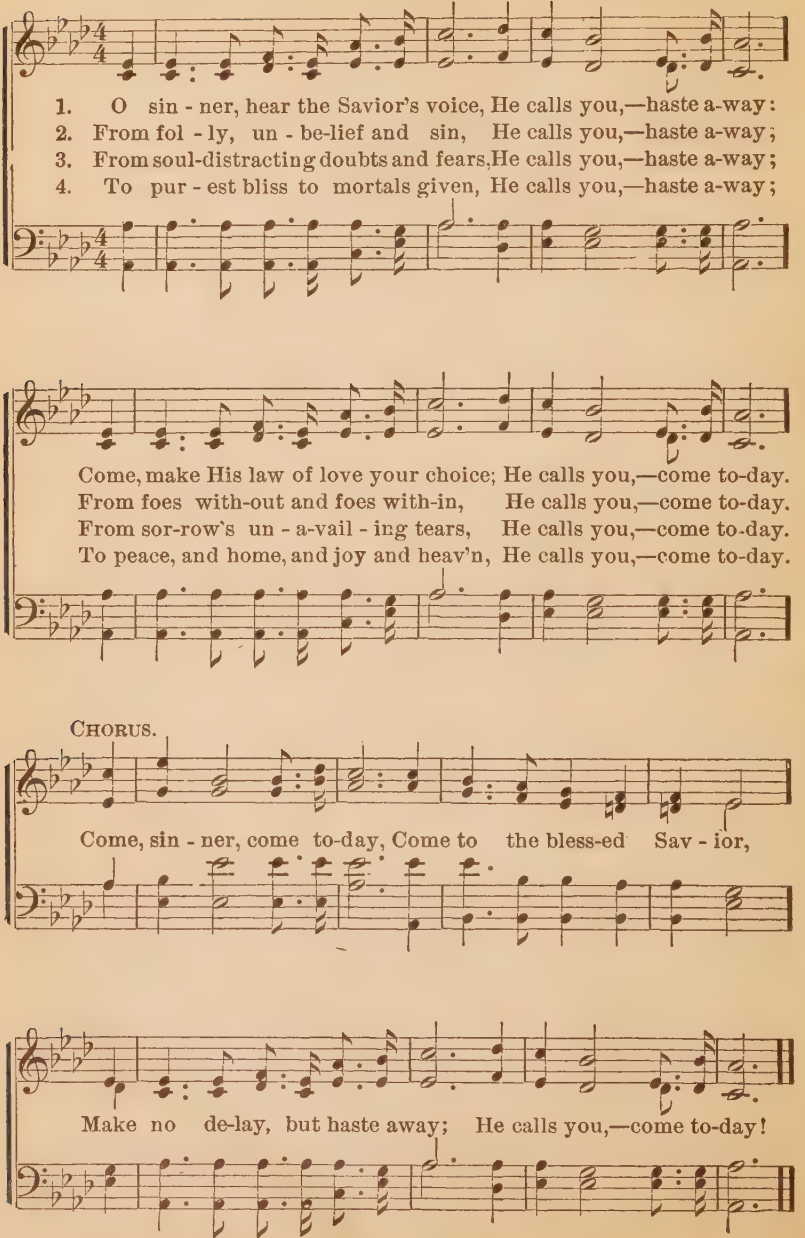
No. 44. The Savior Calls To-day.

Rev. H. G. Jackson. Miss Emma E. Meyer.


1. O sin - ner, hear the Savior's voice, He calls you,—haste a-way:
2. From fol - ly, un - be-lief and sin, He calls you,—haste a-way;
3. From soul-distracting doubts and fears, He calls you,—haste a-way;
4. To pur - est bliss to mortals given, He calls you,—haste a-way;
Come, make His law of love your choice; He calls you,—come to-day.
From foes with-out and foes with-in, He calls you,—come to-day.
From sor-row's un - a-vail - ing tears, He calls you,—come to-day.
To peace, and home, and joy and heav'n, He calls you,—come to-day.
Chorus.
Come, sin - ner, come to-day, Come to the bless-ed Sav - ior,
Make no de-lay, but haste away; He calls you,—come to-day!

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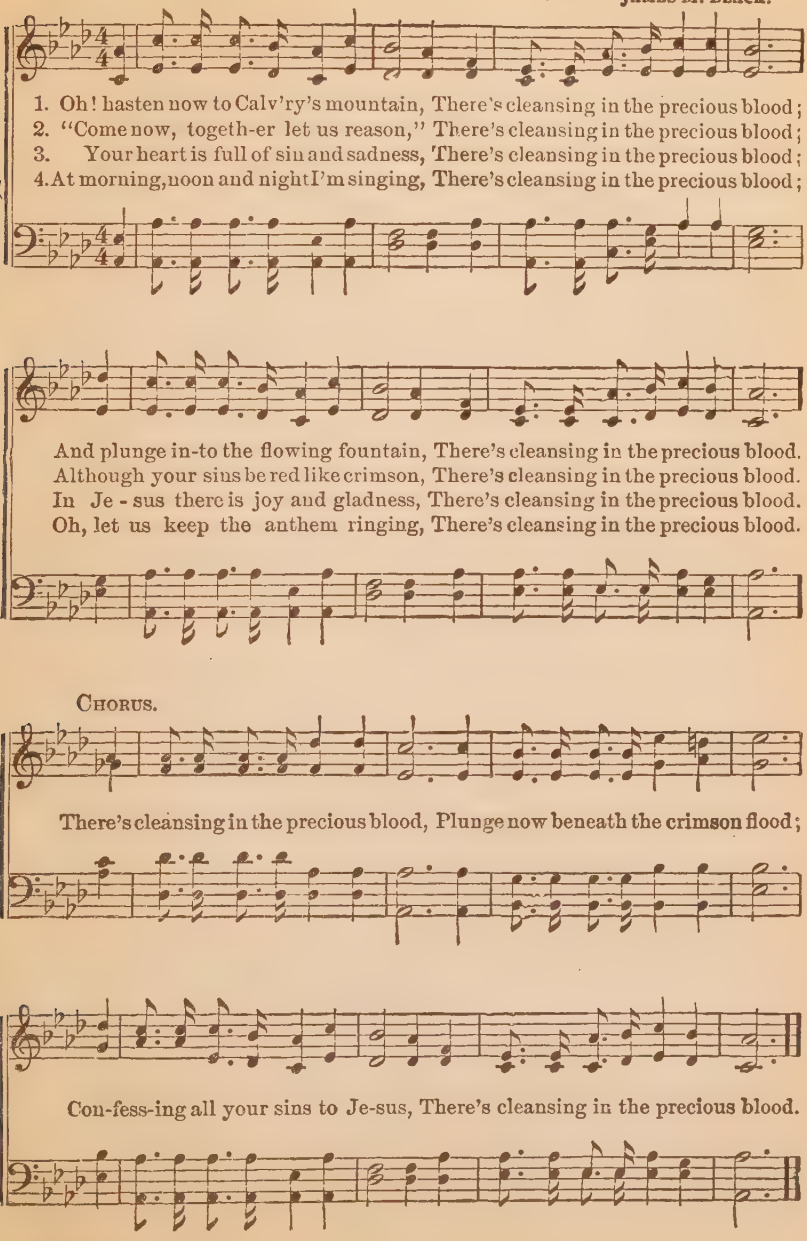
There's Cleansing in the Precious Blood.

REV. ISAAC NAYLOR. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. Oh! hasten now to Calv'ry's mountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
2. "Come now, togeth-er let us reason," There's cleansing in the precious blood;
3. Your heart is full of sin and sadness, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
4. At morning, noon and night I'm singing, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
And plunge in-to the flowing fountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
Although your sins be red like crimson, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
In Je - sus there is joy and gladness, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
Oh, let us keep the anthem ringing, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
CHORUS.
There's cleansing in the precious blood, Plunge now beneath the crimson flood;
Con-fess-ing all your sins to Je-sus, There's cleansing in the precious blood.

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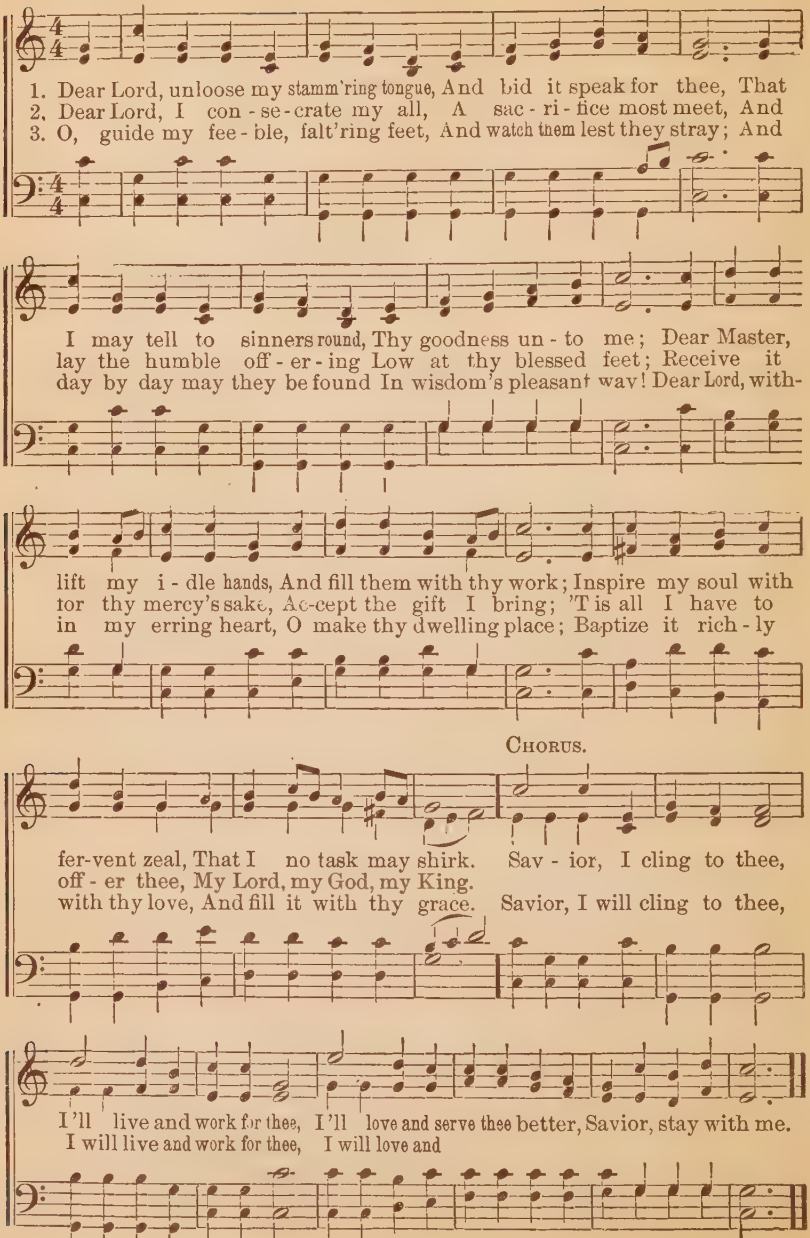
I Cling to Thee.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Dear Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue, And bid it speak for thee, That
2. Dear Lord, I con - se - crate my all, A sac - ri - fice most meet, And
3. O, guide my fee - ble, falt'ring feet, And watch them lest they stray; And
I may tell to sinners round, Thy goodness un - to me; Dear Master,
lay the humble off - er - ing Low at thy blessed feet; Receive it
day by day may they be found In wisdom's pleasant way! Dear Lord, with-
lift my i - dle hands, And fill them with thy work; Inspire my soul with
for thy mercy's sake, Ac-cept the gift I bring; 'T is all I have to
in my erring heart, O make thy dwelling place; Baptize it rich - ly
CHORUS.
fer-vent zeal, That I no task may shirk. Sav - ior, I cling to thee,
off - er thee, My Lord, my God, my King.
with thy love, And fill it with thy grace. Savior, I will cling to thee,
I'll live and work for thee, I'll love and serve thee better, Savior, stay with me.
I will live and work for thee, I will love and

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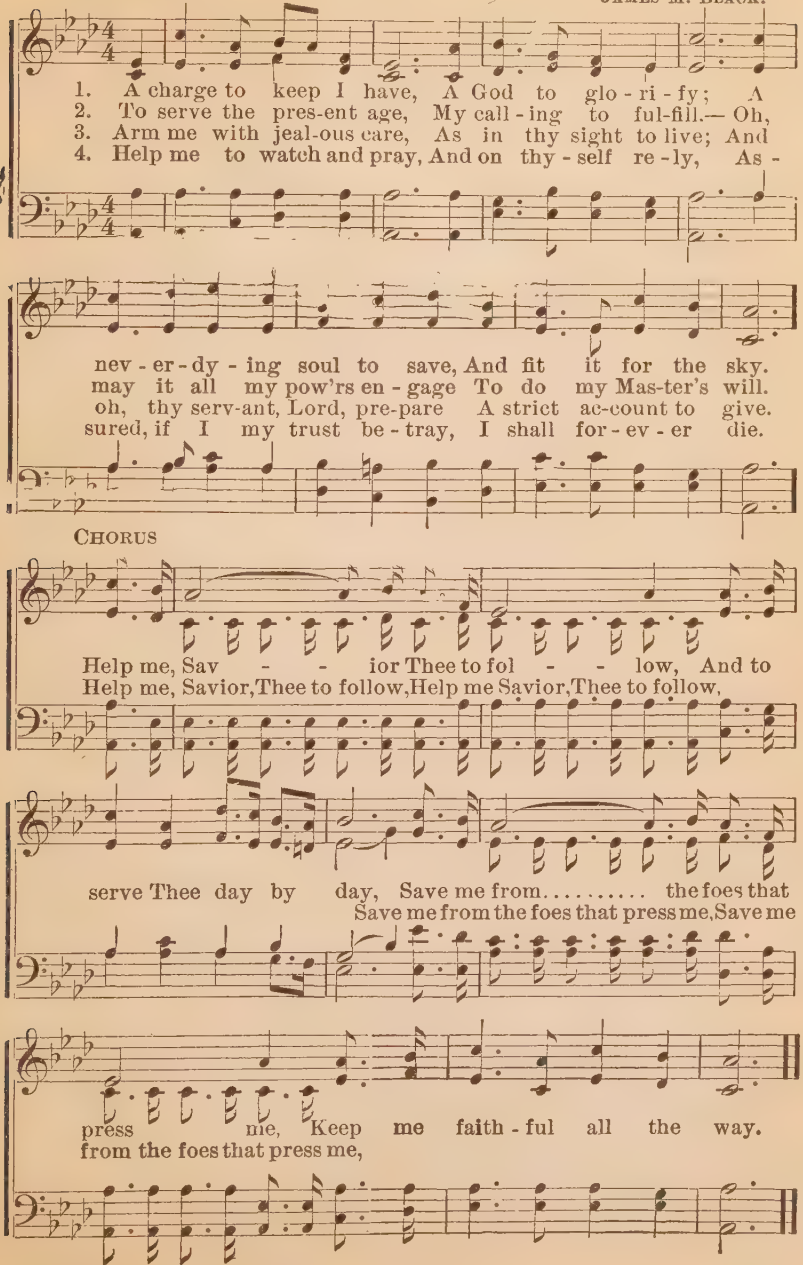
No. 2.

No. 47. A Charge to Keep I Have.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

CHARLES WESLEY. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call - ing to ful-fill.— Oh,
3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in thy sight to live; And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly, As -
nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas-ter's will.
oh, thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.
CHORUS
Help me, Sav - - ior Thee to fol - - low, And to
Help me, Savior, Thee to follow, Help me Savior, Thee to follow,
serve Thee day by day, Save me from..... the foes that
Save me from the foes that press me, Save me
press me, Keep me faith - ful all the way.
from the foes that press me,

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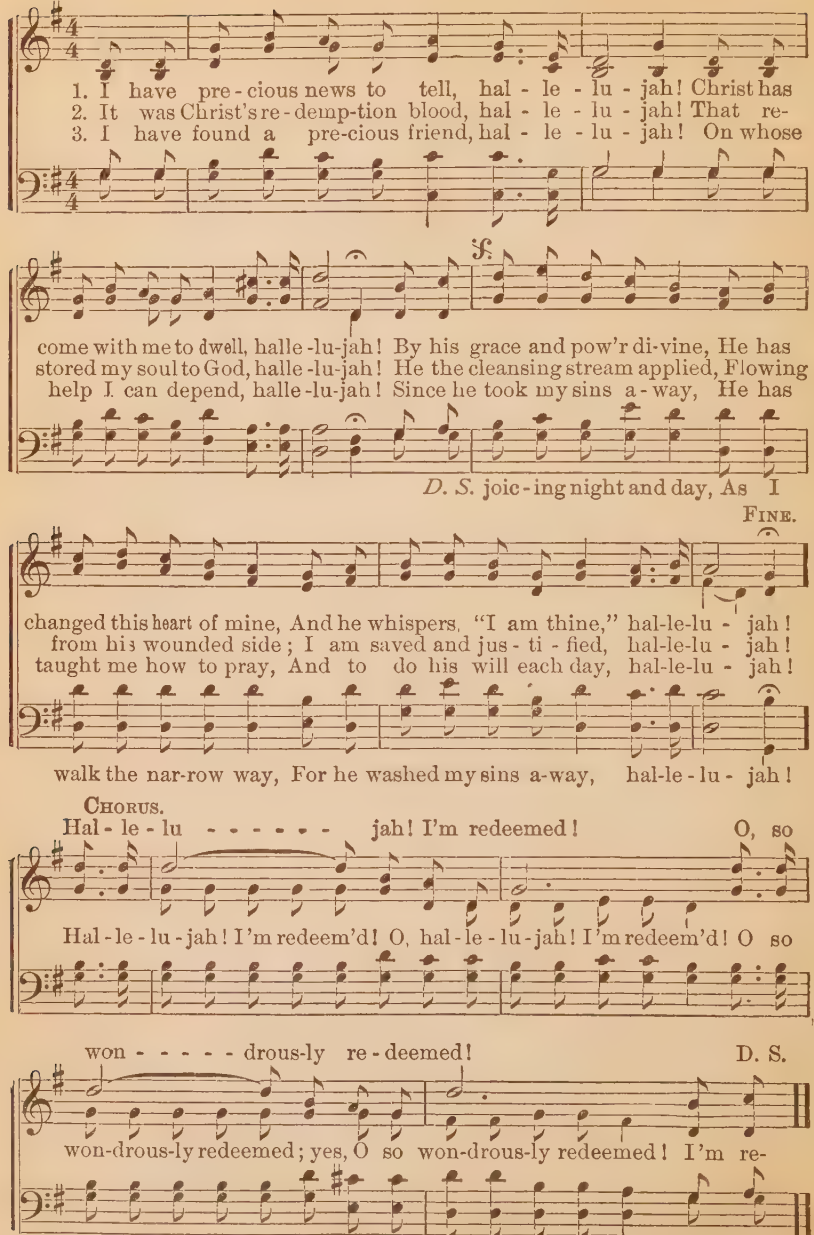
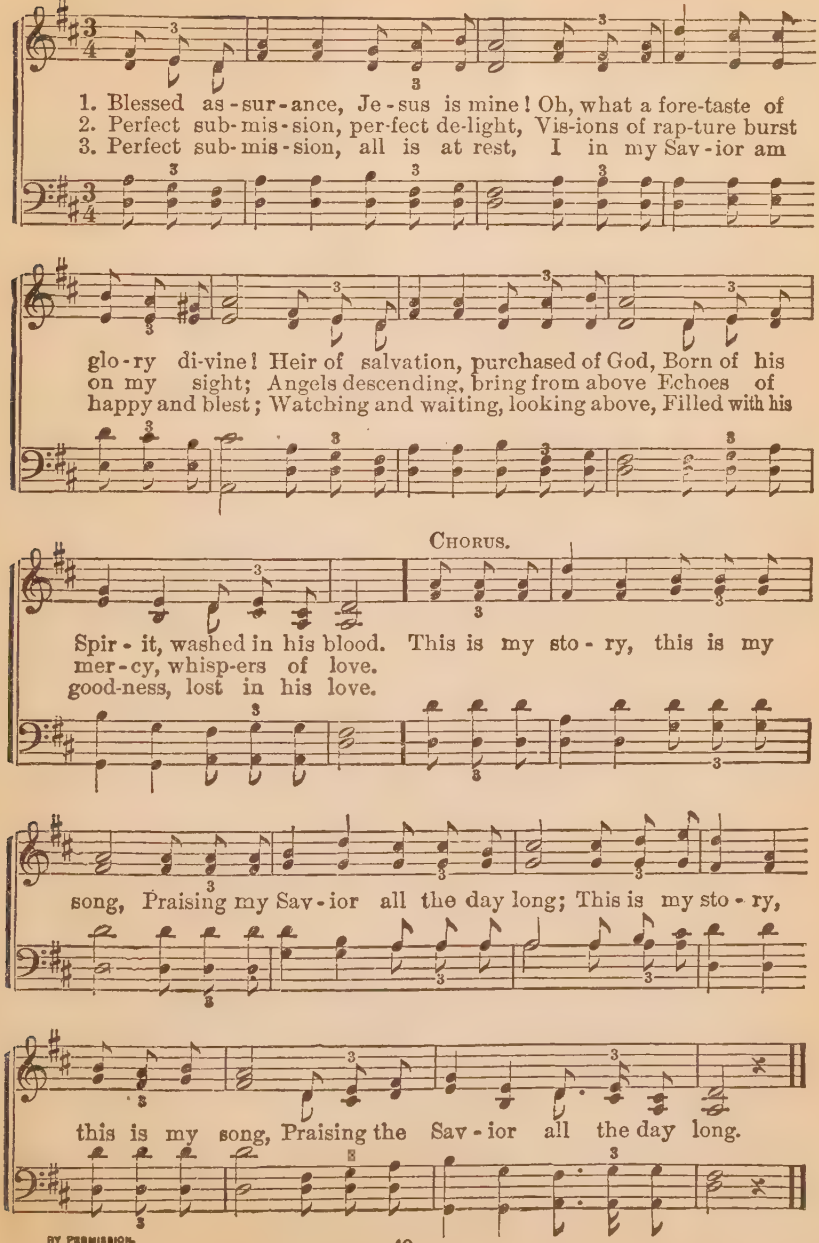
No. 48. Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have pre - cious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
2. It was Christ's re - demp-tion blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re-
3. I have found a pre-cious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose
come with me to dwell, halle -lu-jah! By his grace and pow'r di-vine, He has
stored my soul to God, halle -lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
help I can depend, halle -lu-jah! Since he took my sins a - way, He has
D. S. joic - ing night and day, As I
FINE.
changed this heart of mine, And he whispers, "I am thine," hal-le-lu - jah!
from his wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal-le-lu - jah!
taught me how to pray, And to do his will each day, hal-le-lu - jah!
walk the nar-row way, For he washed my sins a-way, hal-le - lu - jah!
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - - - - - - jah! I'm redeemed! O, so
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! O, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! O so
won - - - - - drous-ly re - deemed! D. S.
won-drous-ly redeemed; yes, O so won-drous-ly redeemed! I'm re-

BY PER. OF THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

No. 49. Blessed Assurance.

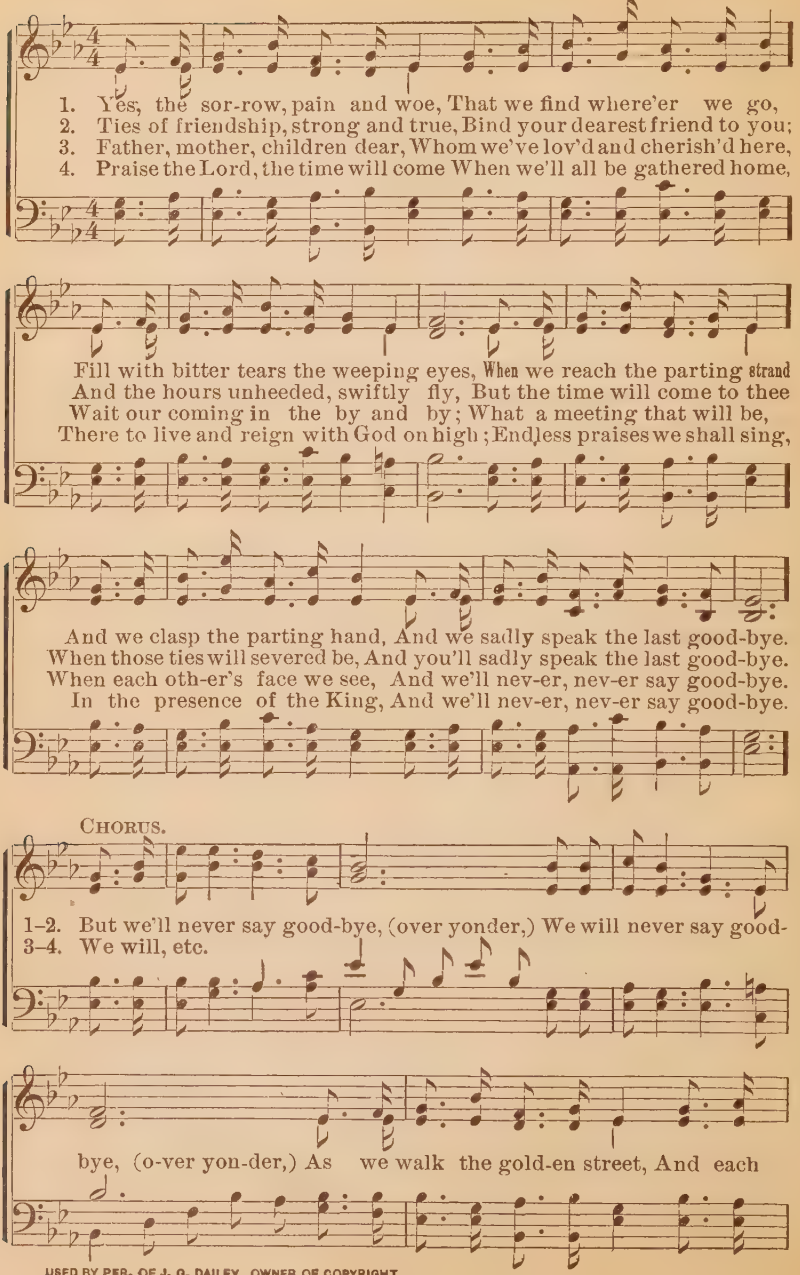
FANNY CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.


1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture burst
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of salvation, purchased of God, Born of his
on my sight; Angels descending, bring from above Echoes of
happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with his
CHORUS.
Spir-it, washed in his blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
mer-cy, whisp-ers of love.
good-ness, lost in his love.
song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,
this is my song, Praising the Sav-ior all the day long.

BY PERMISSION.

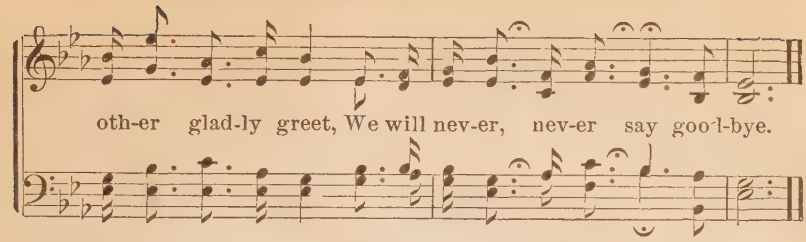
No. 50. We'll Never Say Good-bye.

J. G. D. J. G. DAILEY.


1. Yes, the sor-row, pain and woe, That we find where'er we go,
2. Ties of friendship, strong and true, Bind your dearest friend to you;
3. Father, mother, children dear, Whom we've lov'd and cherish'd here,
4. Praise the Lord, the time will come When we'll all be gathered home,
Fill with bitter tears the weeping eyes, When we reach the parting strand
And the hours unheeded, swiftly fly, But the time will come to thee
Wait our coming in the by and by; What a meeting that will be,
There to live and reign with God on high; Endless praises we shall sing,
And we clasp the parting hand, And we sadly speak the last good-bye.
When those ties will severed be, And you'll sadly speak the last good-bye.
When each oth-er's face we see, And we'll nev-er, nev-er say good-bye.
In the presence of the King, And we'll nev-er, nev-er say good-bye.
CHORUS.
1–2. But we'll never say good-bye, (over yonder,) We will never say good-
3–4. We will, etc.
bye, (o-ver yon-der,) As we walk the gold-en street, And each

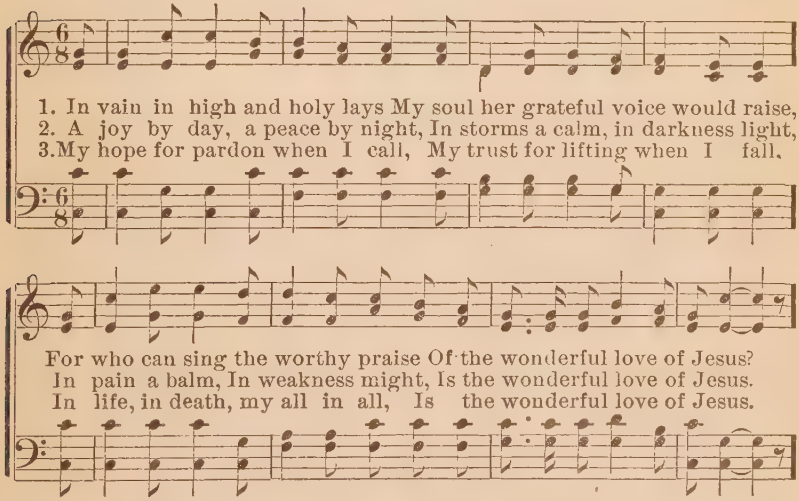
USED BY PER. OF J. G. DAILEY, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

We'll Never Say Good-bye. Concluded.

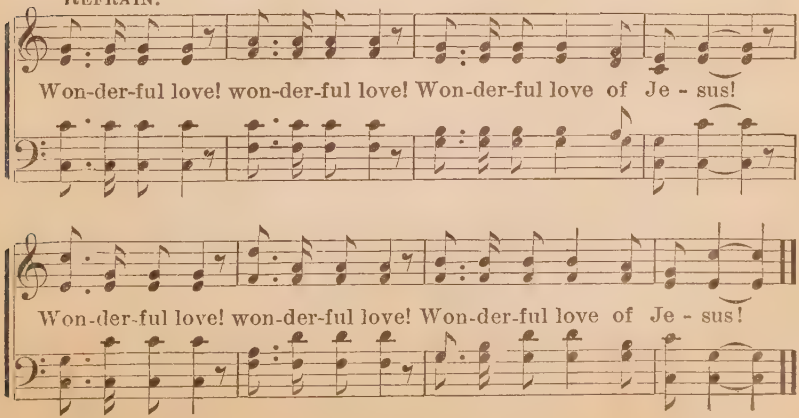


No. 51. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.


1. In vain in high and holy lays My soul her grateful voice would raise,
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light,
3.My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lifting when I fall.
For who can sing the worthy praise Of the wonderful love of Jesus?
In pain a balm, In weakness might, Is the wonderful love of Jesus.
In life, in death, my all in all, Is the wonderful love of Jesus.

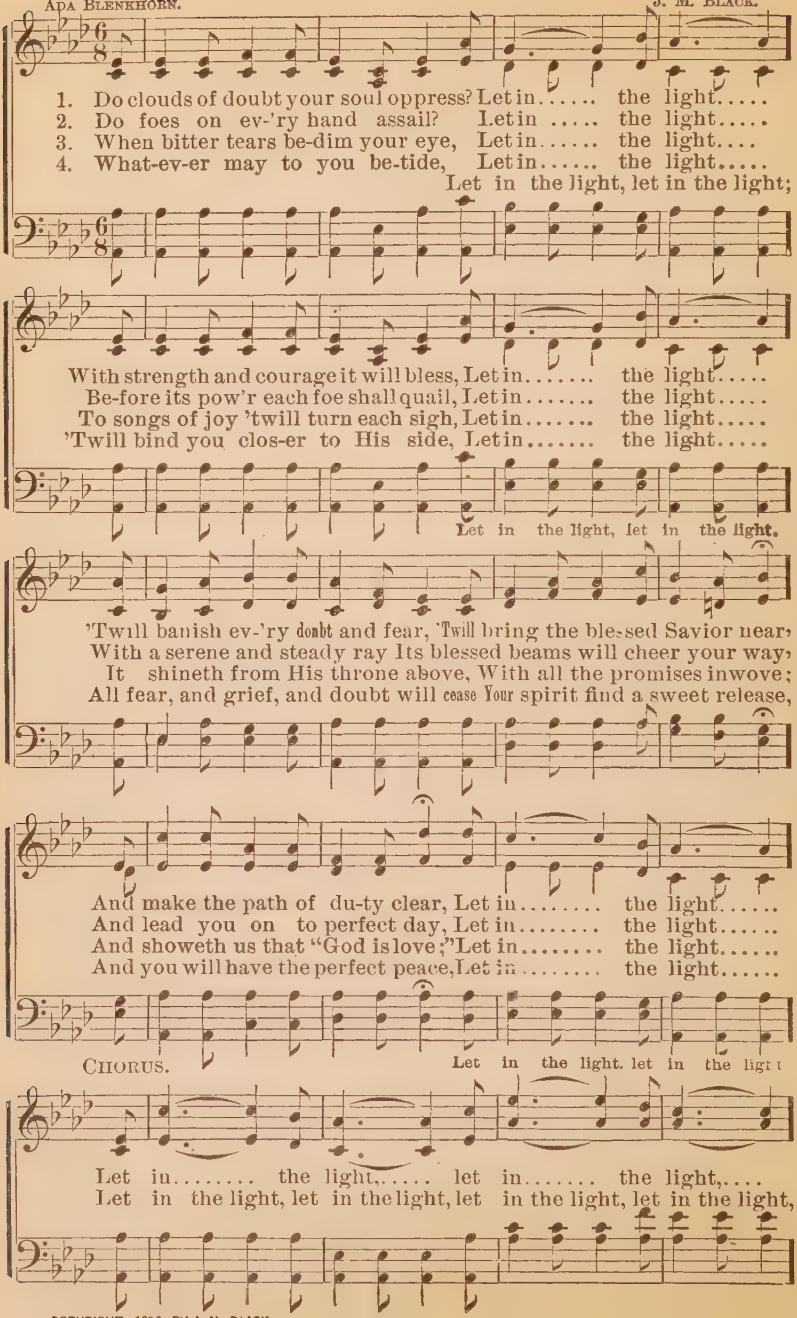
REFRAIN.



BY PFR. E. S. LORENZ.

No. 52. Let in the Light.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. M. BLACK.


1. Do clouds of doubt your soul oppress? Let in..... the light.....
2. Do foes on ev-'ry hand assail? Let in..... the light.....
3. When bitter tears be-dim your eye, Let in..... the light....
4. What-ev-er may to you be-tide, Let in..... the light.....
Let in the light, let in the light;
With strength and courage it will bless, Let in..... the light.....
Be-fore its pow'r each foe shall quail, Let in..... the light.....
To songs of joy 'twill turn each sigh, Let in..... the light.....
'Twill bind you clos-er to His side, Let in..... the light.....
Let in the light, let in the light.
'Twill banish ev-'ry doubt and fear, 'Twill bring the blessed Savior near,
With a serene and steady ray Its blessed beams will cheer your way,
It shineth from His throne above, With all the promises inwove;
All fear, and grief, and doubt will cease Your spirit find a sweet release,
And make the path of du-ty clear, Let in..... the light.....
And lead you on to perfect day, Let in..... the light.....
And showeth us that "God is love;" Let in..... the light.....
And you will have the perfect peace, Let in..... the light.....
CHORUS.
Let in the light, let in the light
Let in..... the light,..... let in..... the light,....
Let in the light, let in the light, let in the light, let in the light,

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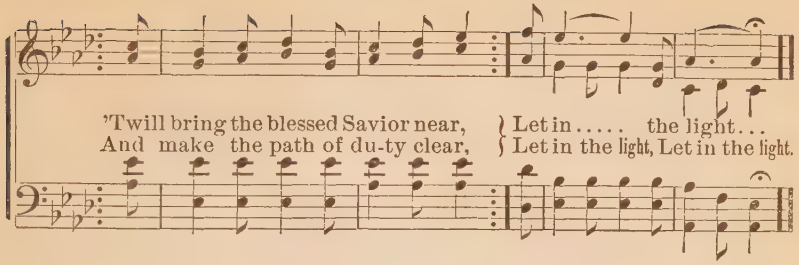
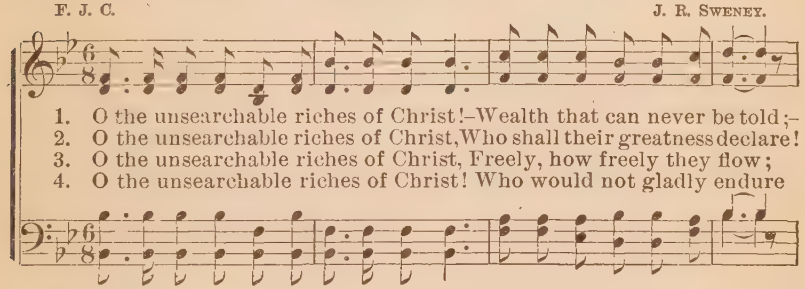
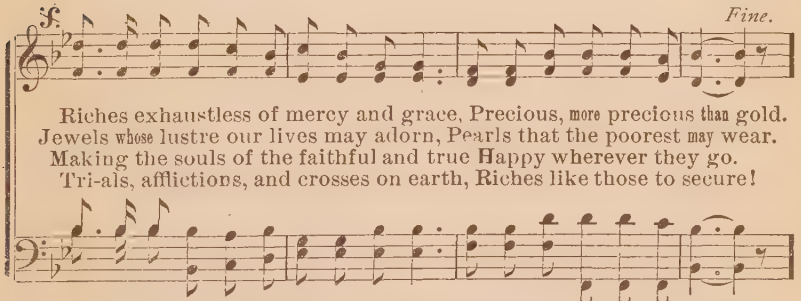


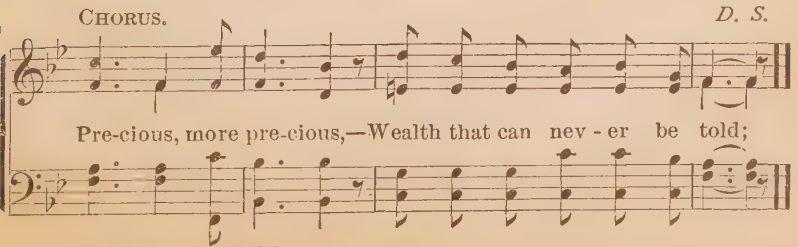
No. 53. Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. J. R. SWENEY.


1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ!–Wealth that can never be told;–
2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare!
3. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Freely, how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who would not gladly endure


Fine.
Riches exhaustless of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
Jewels whose lustre our lives may adorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Making the souls of the faithful and true Happy wherever they go.
Tri-als, afflictions, and crosses on earth, Riches like those to secure!

D. S.–O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.



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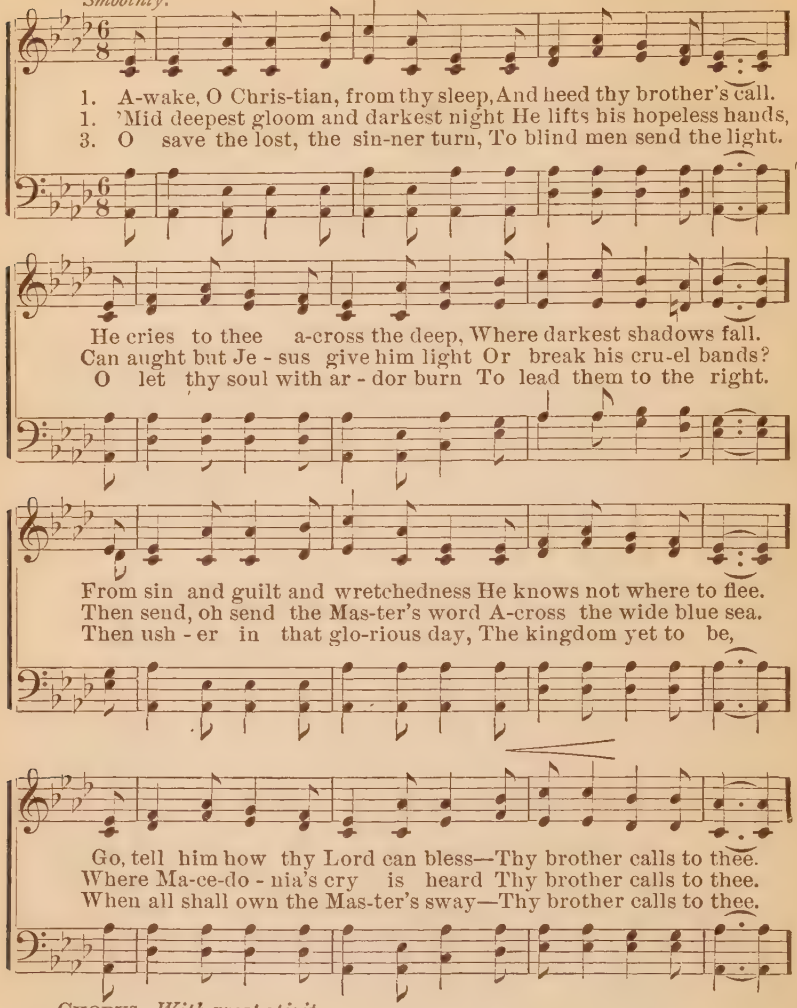
No. 54. Thy Brother Calls to Thee.

JOSEPH F. BERRY. SOLO AND CHORUS JAMES M. BLACK.

Smoothly.


1. A-wake, O Chris-tian, from thy sleep, And heed thy brother's call.
1. 'Mid deepest gloom and darkest night He lifts his hopeless hands,
3. O save the lost, the sin-ner turn, To blind men send the light.
He cries to thee a-cross the deep, Where darkest shadows fall.
Can aught but Je - sus give him light Or break his cru-el bands?
O let thy soul with ar - dor burn To lead them to the right.
From sin and guilt and wretchedness He knows not where to flee.
Then send, oh send the Mas-ter's word A-cross the wide blue sea.
Then ush - er in that glo-rious day, The kingdom yet to be,
Go, tell him how thy Lord can bless—Thy brother calls to thee.
Where Ma-ce-do - nia's cry is heard Thy brother calls to thee.
When all shall own the Mas-ter's sway—Thy brother calls to thee.
CHORUS. *With great spirit.*
f f
p
Thy brother calls to thee, Thy brother calls to thee,

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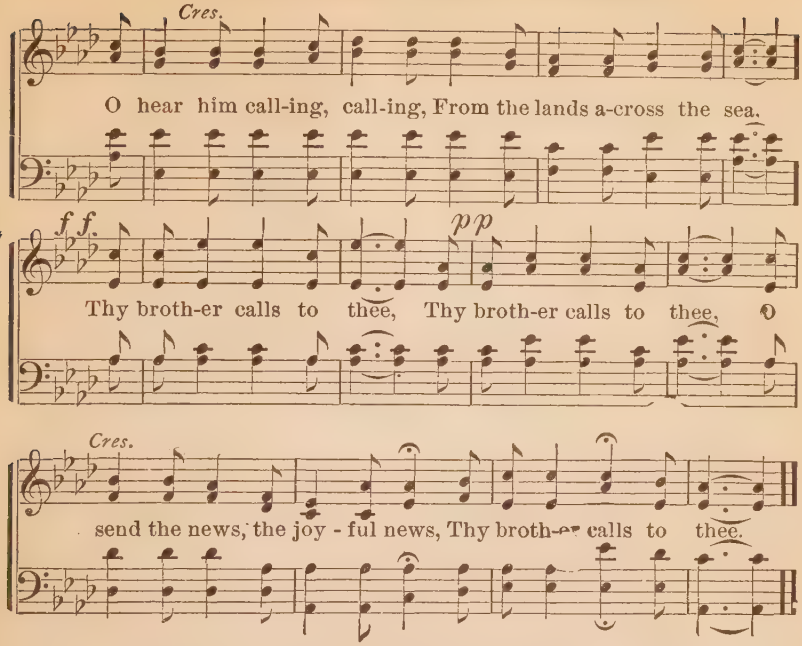
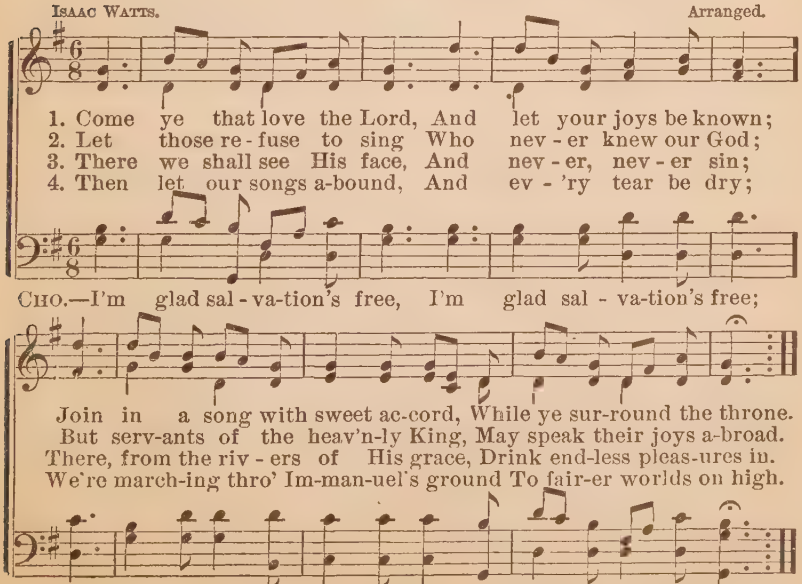
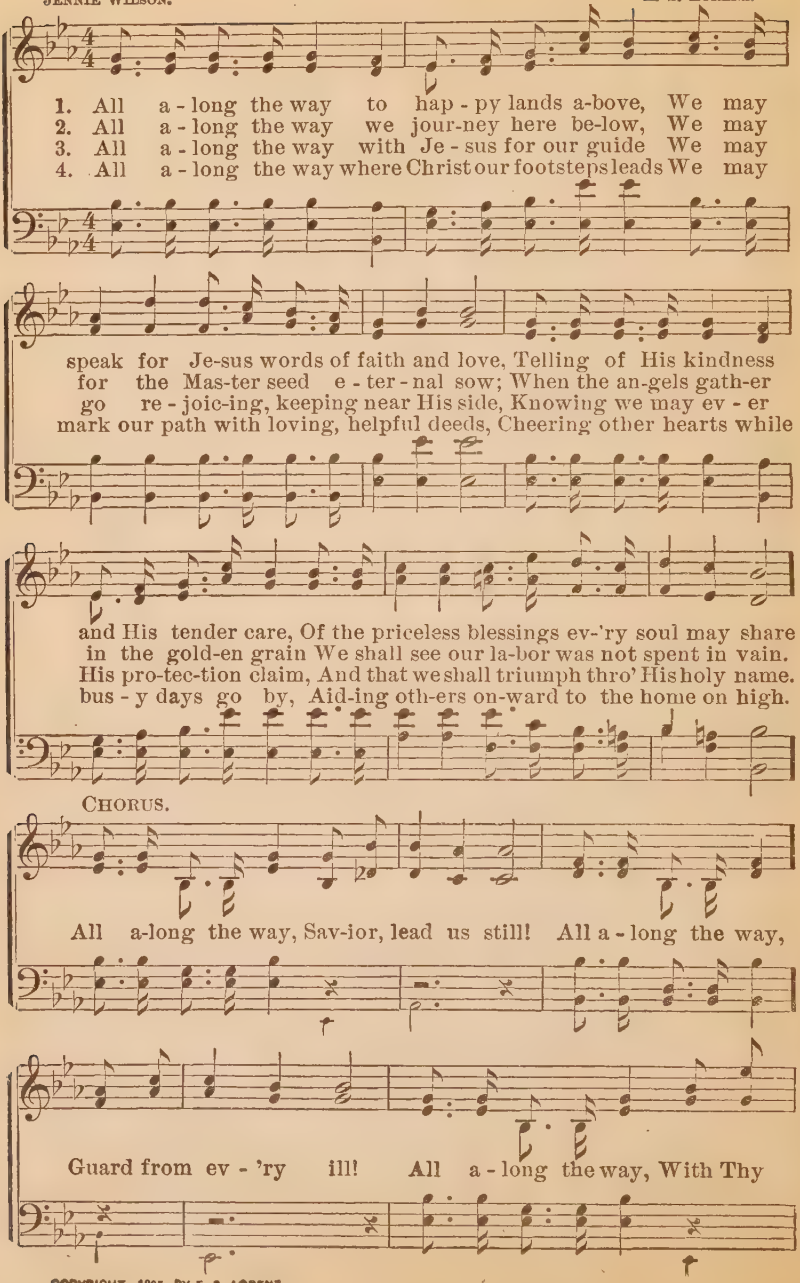

Cres.
O hear him call-ing, call-ing, From the lands a-cross the sea.
f f.
pp
Thy broth-er calls to thee, Thy broth-er calls to thee, O
Cres.
send the news, the joy - ful news, Thy broth-er calls to thee.

No. 55. Come Ye That Love the Lord.


Isaac Watts.
Arranged.
1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
Cho.—I'm glad sal - va-tion's free, I'm glad sal - va-tion's free;
Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne.
But serv-ants of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad.
There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink end-less pleas-ures in.
We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.
Sal - va-tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

No. 56. All Along the Way.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.


1. All a - long the way to hap - py lands a-bove, We may
2. All a - long the way we jour-ney here be-low, We may
3. All a - long the way with Je - sus for our guide We may
4. All a - long the way where Christ our footsteps leads We may
speak for Je-sus words of faith and love, Telling of His kindness
for the Mas-ter seed e - ter - nal sow; When the an-gels gath-er
go re - joic-ing, keeping near His side, Knowing we may ev - er
mark our path with loving, helpful deeds, Cheering other hearts while
and His tender care, Of the priceless blessings ev-'ry soul may share
in the gold-en grain We shall see our la-bor was not spent in vain.
His pro-tec-tion claim, And that we shall triumph thro' His holy name.
bus - y days go by, Aid-ing oth-ers on-ward to the home on high.
CHORUS.
All a-long the way, Sav-ior, lead us still! All a - long the way,
Guard from ev - 'ry ill! All a - long the way, With Thy

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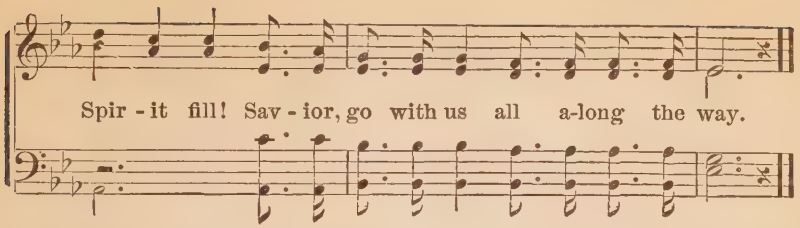
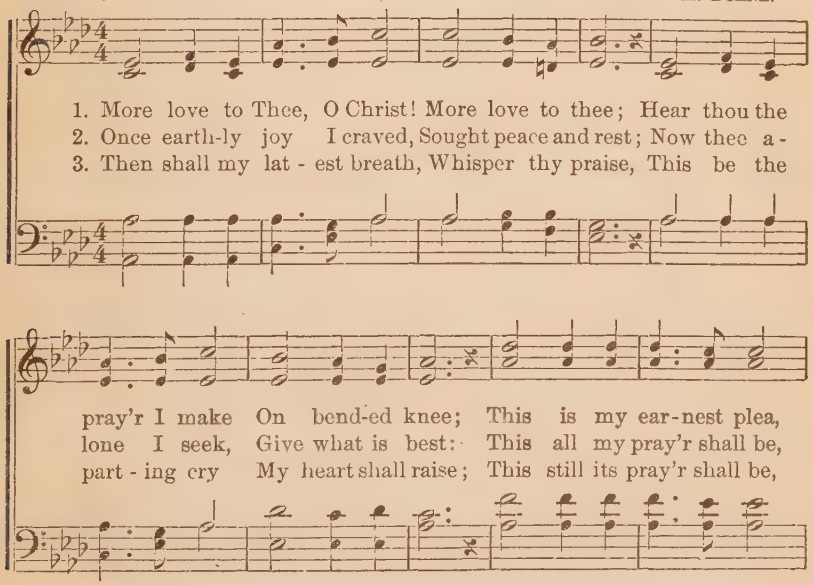


No. 57. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

MRS. E. PRENTISS. DR. W. H. DOANE.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to thee; Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whisper thy praise, This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,
More love, O Christ to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

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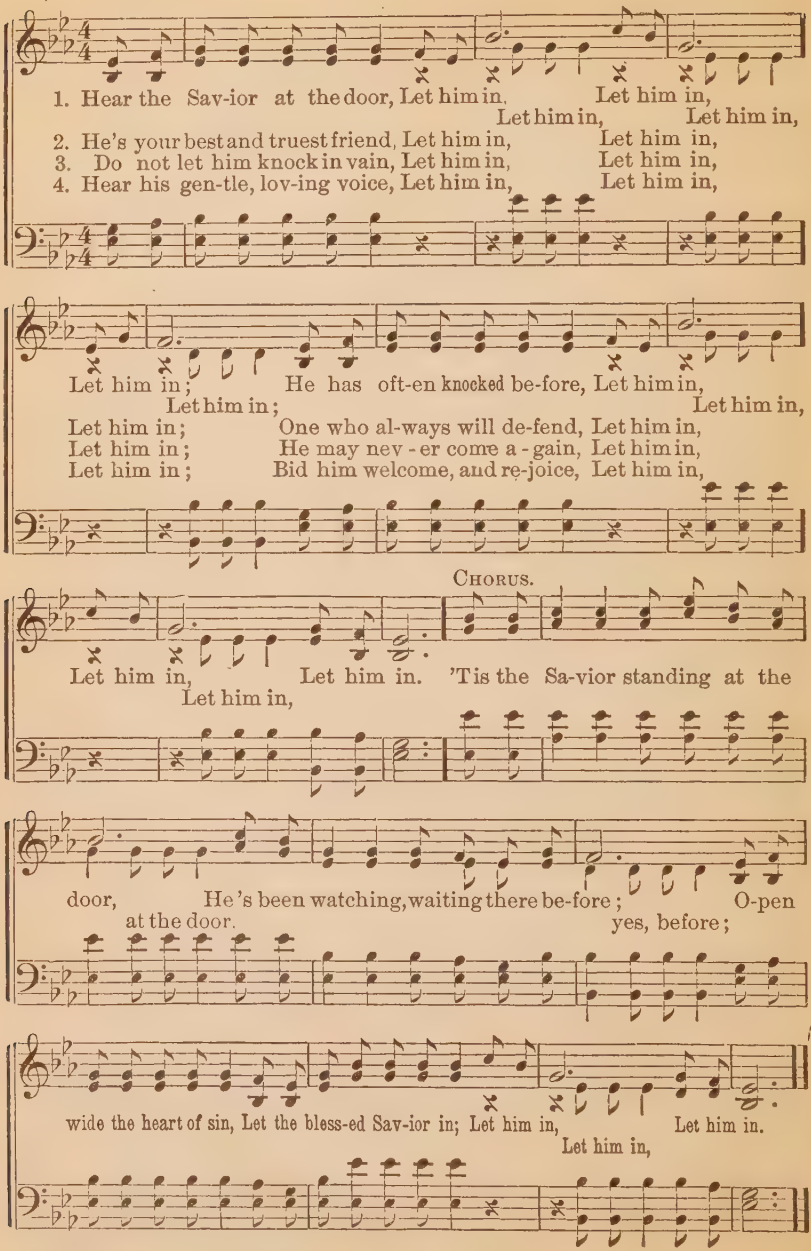
No. 58. Let the Blessed Savior in.

L. H. PARTHEMORE. L. H. PARTHEMORE.

1. Hear the Sav-ior at the door, Let him in, Let him in, Let him in, Let him in,
2. He's your best and truest friend, Let him in, Let him in,
3. Do not let him knock in vain, Let him in, Let him in,
4. Hear his gen-tle, lov-ing voice, Let him in, Let him in,
Let him in; He has oft-en knocked be-fore, Let him in, Let him in, Let him in;
Let him in; One who al-ways will de-fend, Let him in,
Let him in; He may nev-er come a-gain, Let him in,
Let him in; Bid him welcome, and re-joice, Let him in,
CHORUS.
Let him in, Let him in. 'Tis the Sa-vior standing at the door, He's been watching, waiting there be-fore; O-pen wide the heart of sin, Let the bless-ed Sav-ior in; Let him in, Let him in. Let him in, Let him in, at the door. yes, before;

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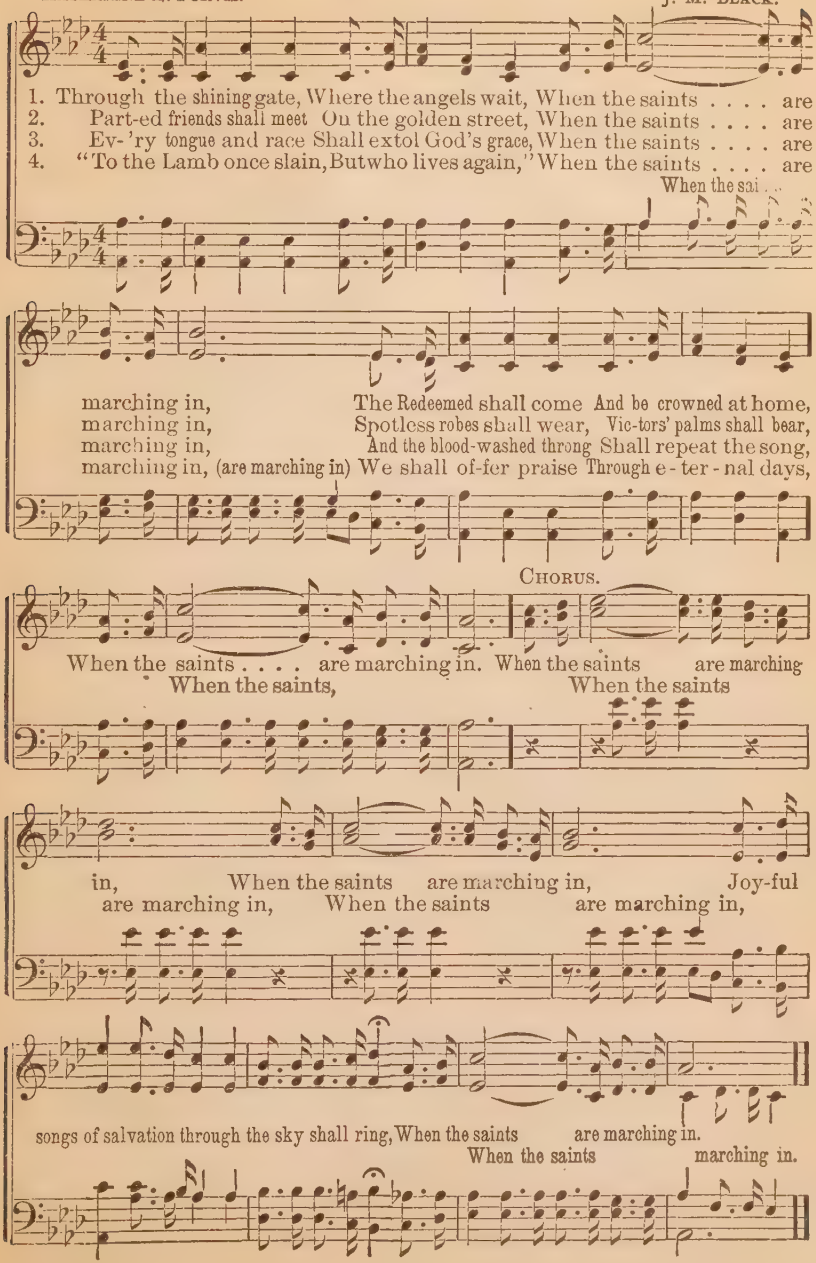
No. 59. When the Saints are Marching in.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Through the shining gate, Where the angels wait, When the saints . . . . are
2. Part-ed friends shall meet On the golden street, When the saints . . . . are
3. Ev-'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints . . . . are
4. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again," When the saints . . . . are
When the sai . . .
marching in, The Redeemed shall come And be crowned at home,
marching in, Spotless robes shall wear, Vic-tors' palms shall bear,
marching in, And the blood-washed throng Shall repeat the song,
marching in, (are marching in) We shall of-fer praise Through e-ter-nal days,
CHORUS.
When the saints . . . . are marching in. When the saints are marching
When the saints, When the saints
in, When the saints are marching in, Joy-ful
are marching in, When the saints are marching in,
songs of salvation through the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.
When the saints marching in.

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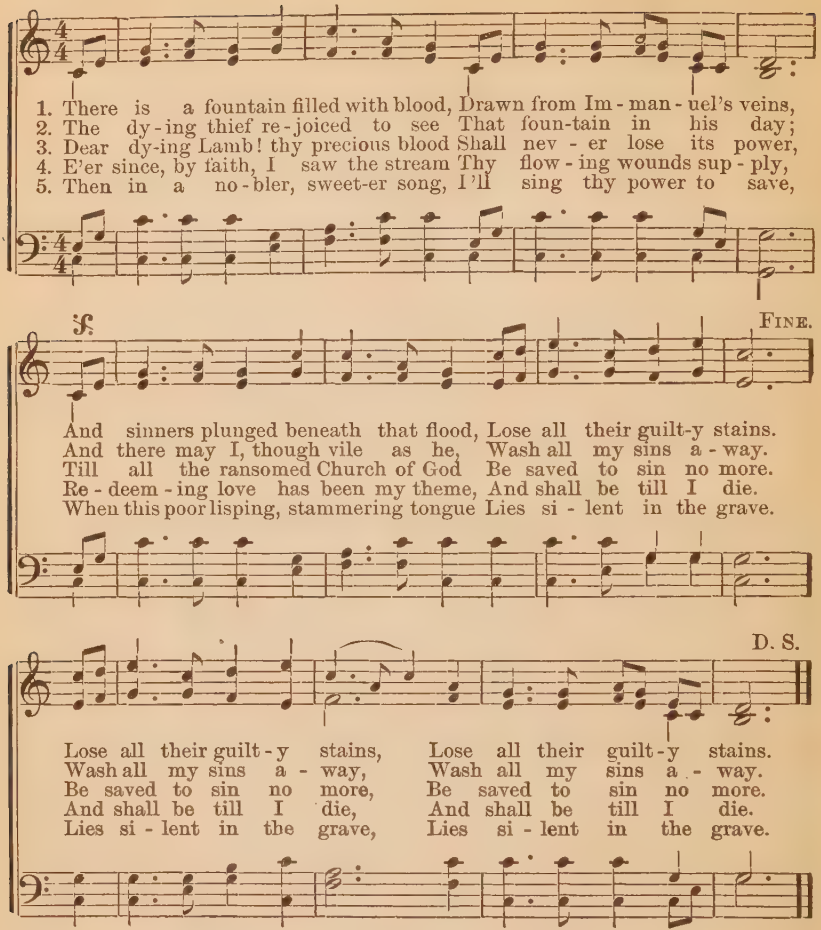
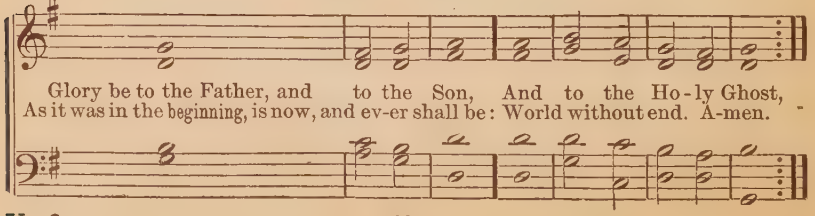
No. 60. There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

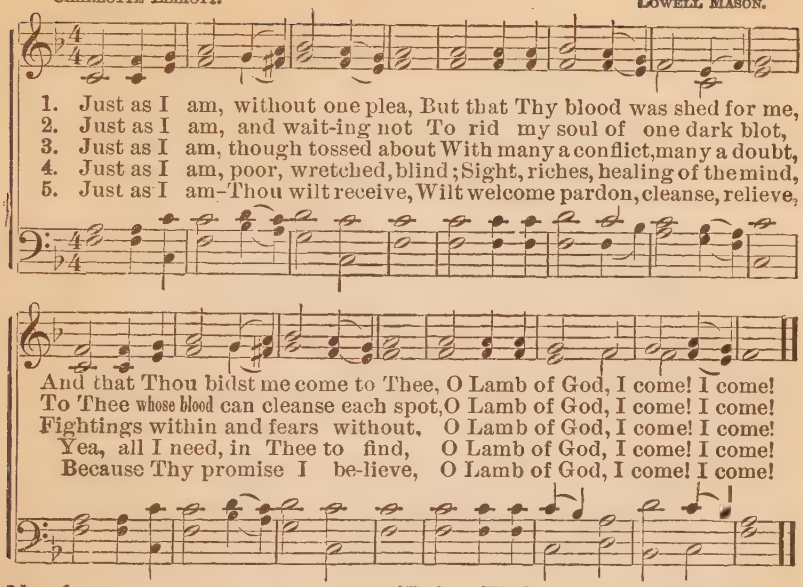

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy power to save,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.
FINE.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave.

No. 61. Gloria Patri.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be: World without end. A-men.

No. 62. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. LOWELL MASON.


1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome pardon, cleanse, relieve,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings within and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Because Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 63.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy; [grace.
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers home,
And find His grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in living streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

No. 64.

J. WESLEY.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day! [sound!
How sweet the gospel's charming
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, [grave,
Shall death command you to the
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

T. DWIGHT.

No. 65.

1 O for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old!
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast and sealed Him Thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

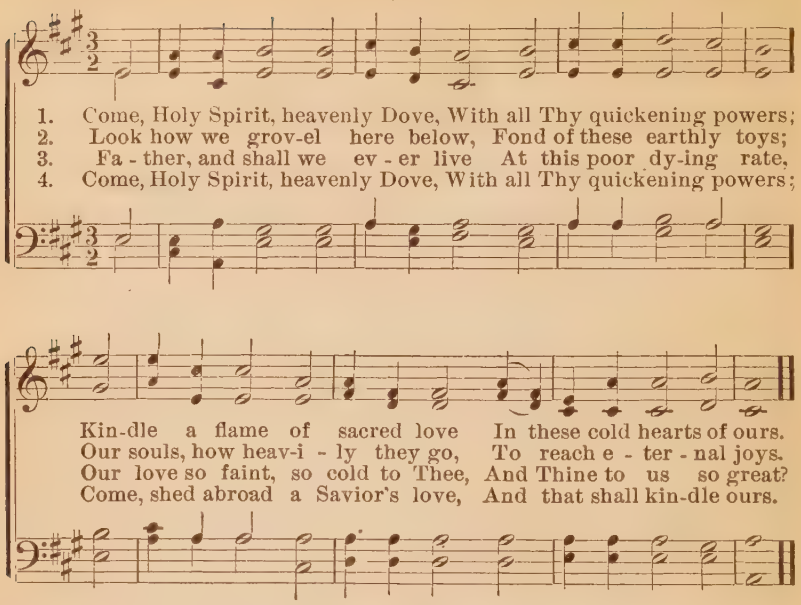
3 Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

4 Remember, Lord, the ancient days:
Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

W. H. BATHURST

No. 66. Come, Holy Spirit.

ISAAC WATTS. AZMON, C. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;
2. Look how we grov-el here below, Fond of these earthly toys;
3. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy-ing rate,
4. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;
Kin-dle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav-i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

No. 67.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

C. WESLEY.

No. 68.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free,

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

J. NEWTON.

No. 69.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

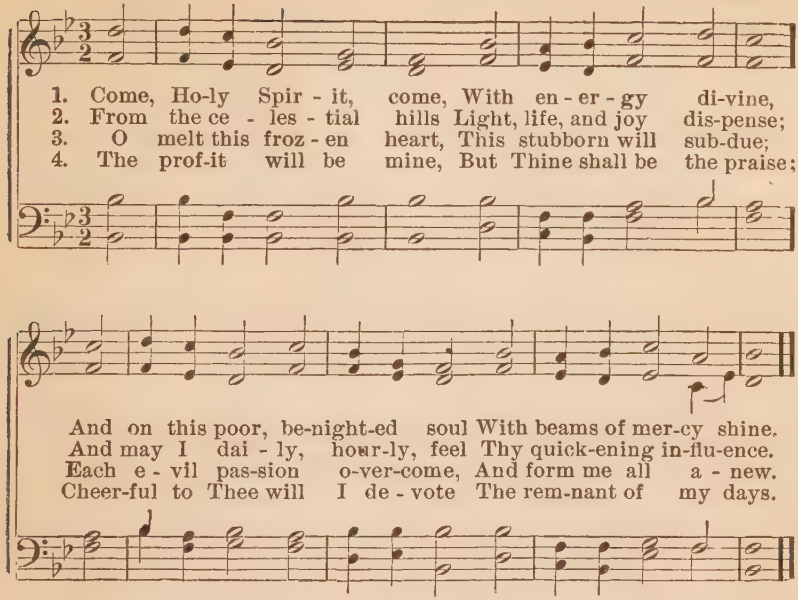
4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

I. WATTS.

No. 70. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

STATE ST. S. M. (M. H, 285.)

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di-vine,
2. From the ce - les - tial hills Light, life, and joy dis-pense;
3. O melt this froz - en heart, This stubborn will sub-due;
4. The prof-it will be mine, But Thine shall be the praise;
And on this poor, be-night-ed soul With beams of mer-cy shine.
And may I dai - ly, hour-ly, feel Thy quick-ening in-flu-ence.
Each e - vil pas-sion o-ver-come, And form me all a - new.
Cheer-ful to Thee will I de - vote The rem-nant of my days.

No. 71.

1 "My times are in Thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best they seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand;"
I'll always trust in Thee:
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be.

W. F. LLOYD.

No. 72.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

No. 73.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

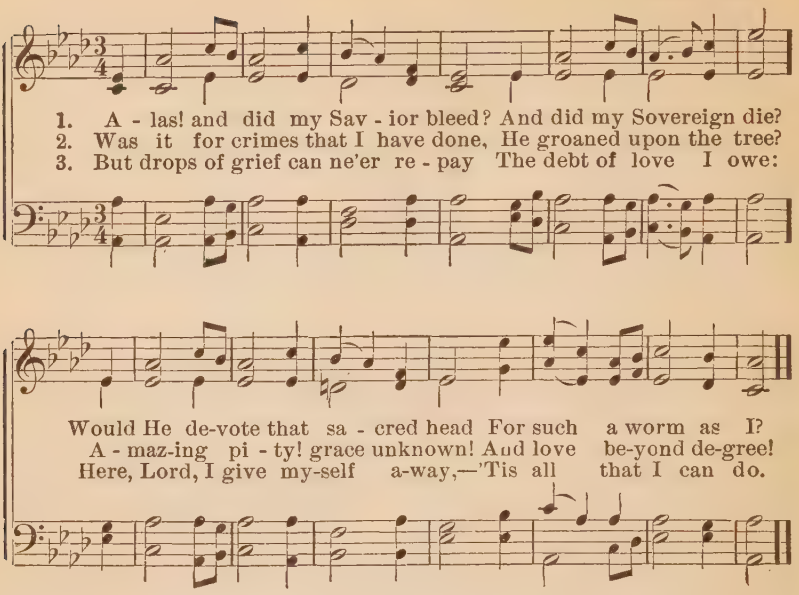
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay the armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

G. HEATH.

No. 74. Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed.

ISAAC WATTS. STEPHEN JENKS.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do.

No. 75.

1 Behold the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head;
He bows His head and dies!

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

S. WESLEY.

No. 76.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire!
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

C. WESLEY.

No. 77.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as the sun its doctrines shine.
To guide our souls to heaven.

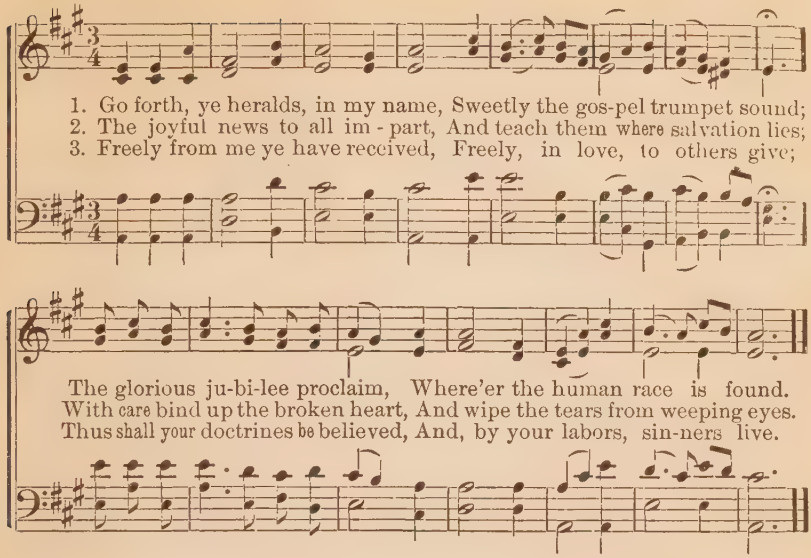
2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

J. FAUCETT.

No. 78. Go forth, ye Heralds.

JOHN LOGAN. MIGDOL. L. M. (M. H. 810.) LOWELL MASON.


1. Go forth, ye heralds, in my name, Sweetly the gos-pel trumpet sound;
2. The joyful news to all im - part, And teach them where salvation lies;
3. Freely from me ye have received, Freely, in love, to others give;
The glorious ju-bi-lee proclaim, Where'er the human race is found.
With care bind up the broken heart, And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
Thus shall your doctrines be believed, And, by your labors, sin-ners live.

No. 79. Come, Let us Tune Our Loftiest Song.

1 COME, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinned, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breath with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapturous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

ROBERT A. WEST.

No. 80. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Savior, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

No. 81. Come, Sinners.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

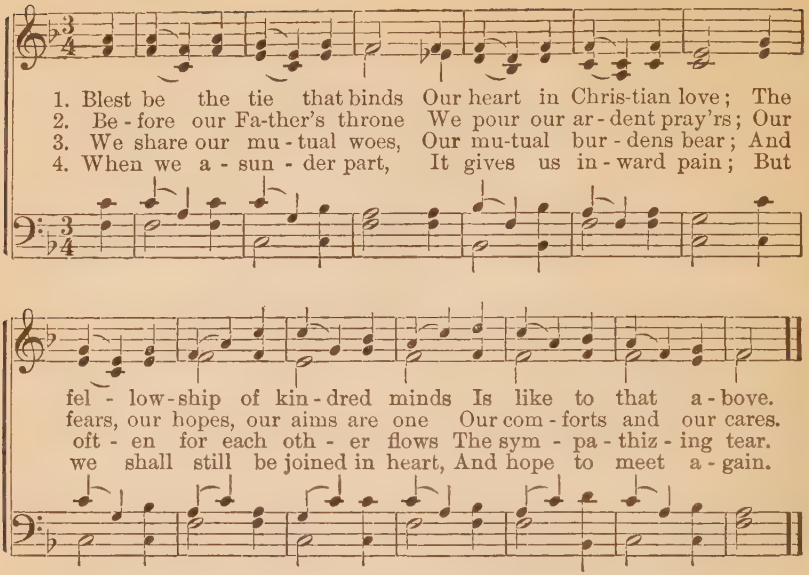
3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 See him set forth before your eyes
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

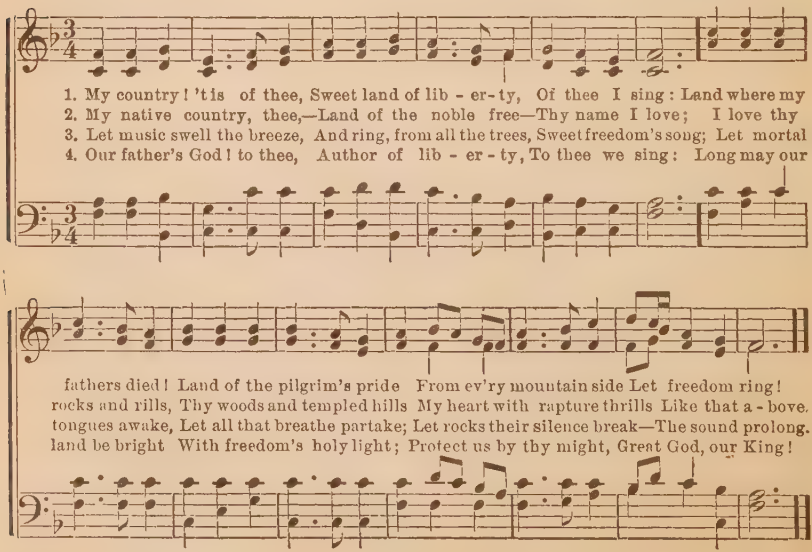
No. 82. Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS GEORG NAEGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our heart in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But
fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one Our com-forts and our cares.
oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

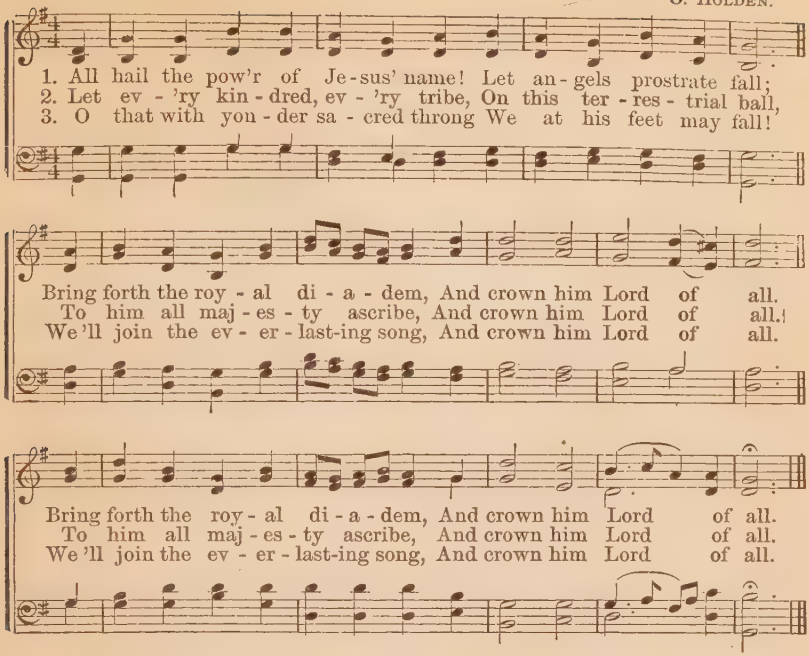
No. 83. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.


1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee,—Land of the noble free—Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring, from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our
fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 84. All Hail the Power.

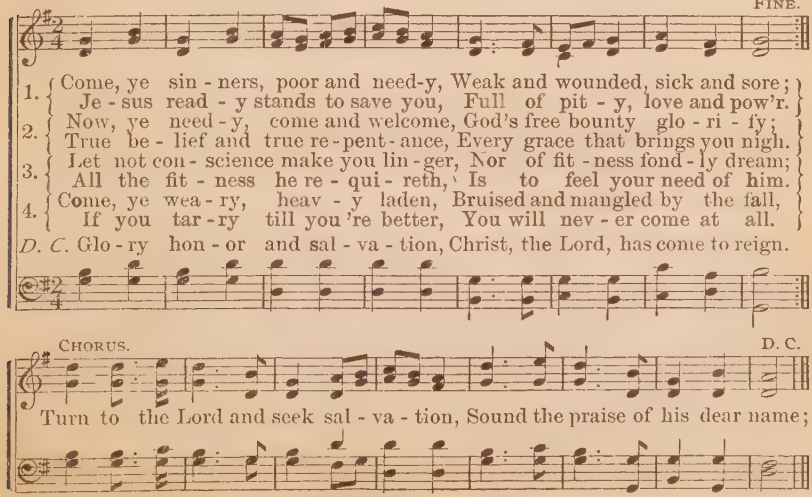
REV. E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at his feet may fall!
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 85. Come, ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

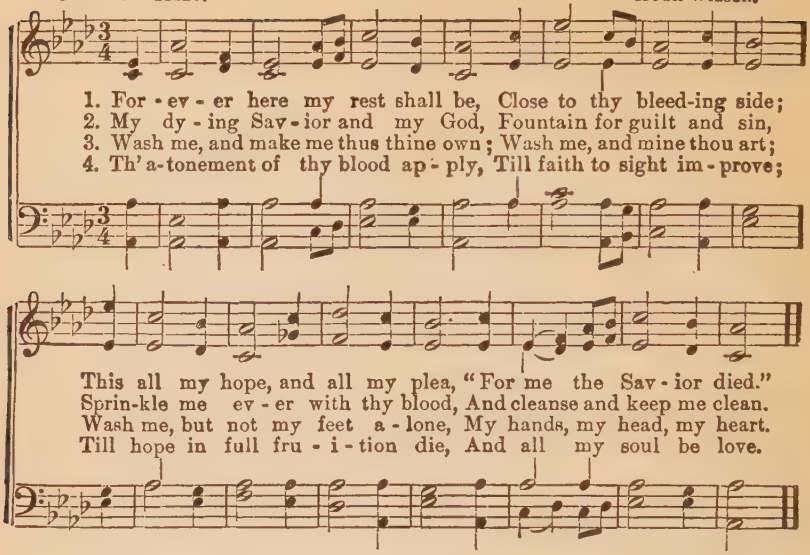
JOSEPH HART. ANON.

FINE.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo-ri-fy;
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Every grace that brings you nigh.
3. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
All the fit-ness he re-qui-reth, Is to feel your need of him.
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tar-ry till you're better, You will nev-er come at all.
D. C. Glo-ry hon-or and sal-va-tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.
CHORUS. D. C.
Turn to the Lord and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

No. 86. Forever Here my Rest.

CHARLES WESLEY. HUGH WILSON.


1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - ior and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art;
4. Th' a-tonement of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;
This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - ior died."
Sprin-kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

No. 87. O, for a Heart to Praise.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

No. 88. Come, Humble Sinner.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

4 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

EDMUND JONES.

No. 89. Jesus, Great Shepherd.

1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O, the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

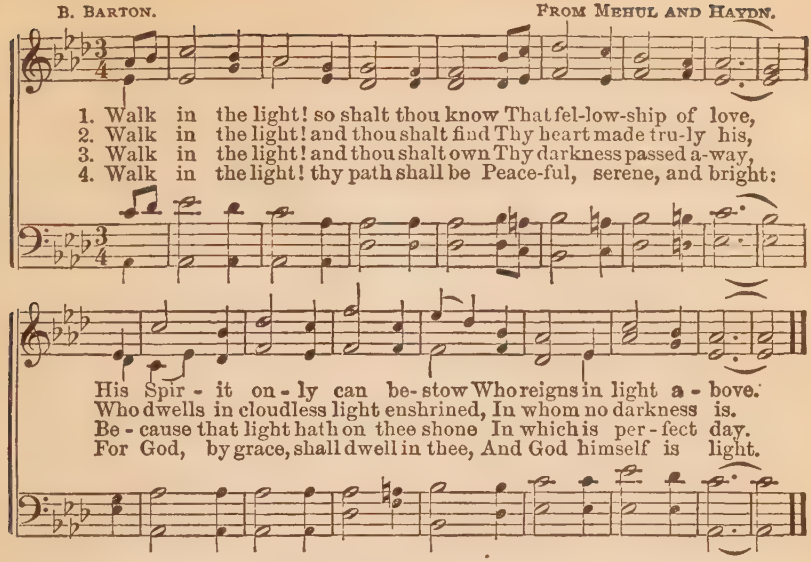
3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 90. Walk in the Light.

B. BARTON. FROM MEHUL AND HAYDN.


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly his,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a-way,
4. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peace-ful, serene, and bright:
His Spir - it on - ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light.

No. 91. O What Amazing Words.

1 O what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

S. MEDLEY.

No. 92. Return, O Wanderer.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'T is love invites thee near.

W. B. COLLYER.

No. 93. Jesus, Thine All-victorious Love.

1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!

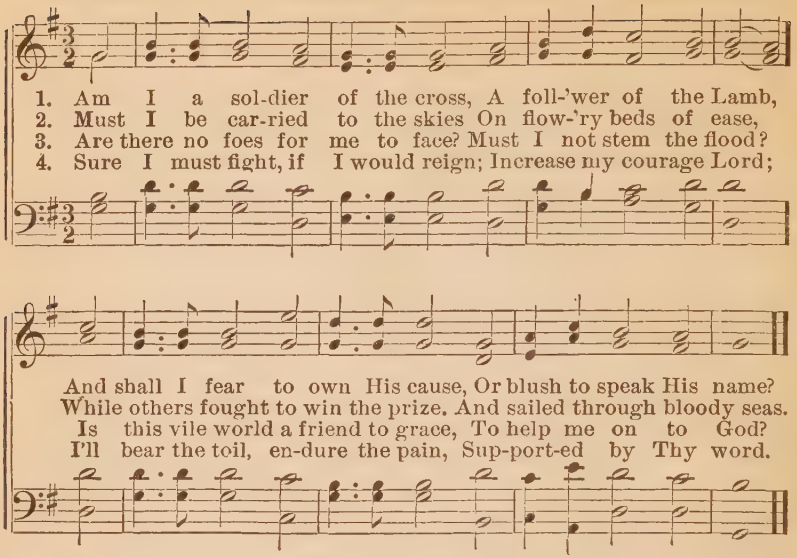
3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

C. WESLEY.

No. 94. Am I a Soldier.

ISAAC WATTS. ARLINGTON. C. M. (M. H. 593. THOS. A. ARNE.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While others fought to win the prize. And sailed through bloody seas.
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

No. 95.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word.
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

I. WATTS.

No. 96.

1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Savior praise:
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of His grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep Him out no more,
Nor force Him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to Thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That Thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

No. 97.

1 Come, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known, [claim,
The Sovereign of your hearts pro-
And bow before His throne.

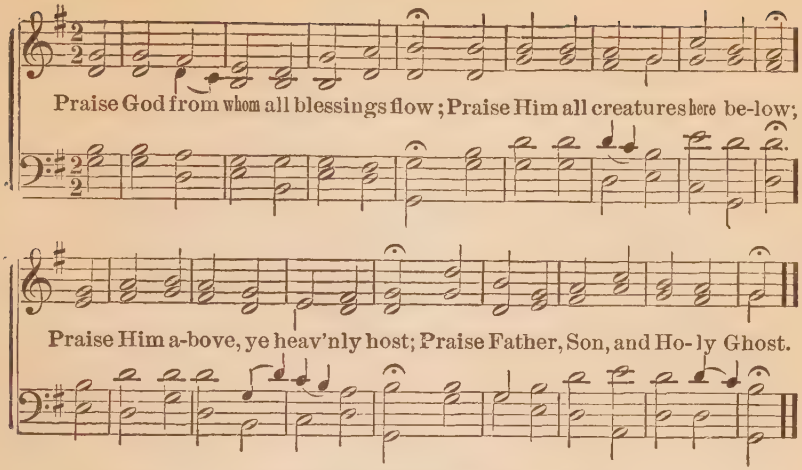
2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in His earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

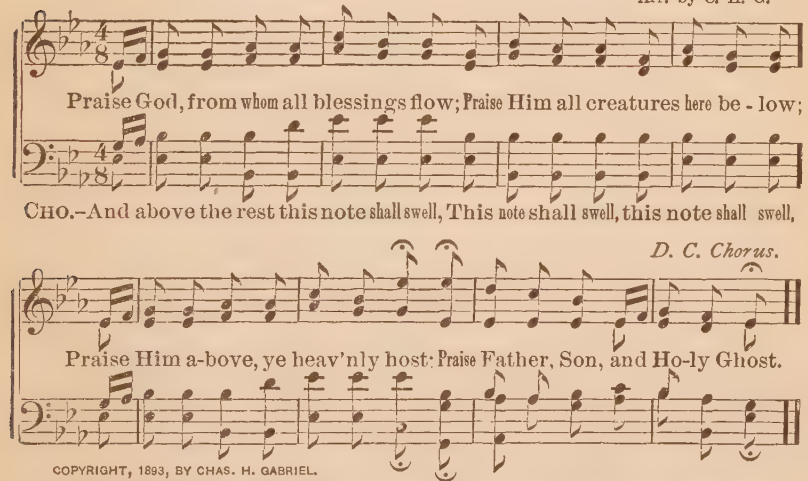
ANNE STEELE.

No. 98. Praise God.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 99. This Note Shall Swell.

Arr. by C. H. G.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be - low;
CHO.–And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,
D. C. Chorus.
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host: Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

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And above the rest this note shall swell, My Je - sus hath done all things well.

No. 100.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Cho.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord:
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Cho.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring:
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.
Cho.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

I. WATTS

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